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Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 214.—Vol. XVII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 8 1908 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS CONNIE STUART

Now Playing in "The Girls of Gottenberg" at the Gaiety

No. 214.—Vol. XVII

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

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"Norwegian Angling List and Scottish Sporting Register, 1908." (Lumley and Dowell: 2*s*. 6*d*. net.)

Badminton Magazine, Jan., 1908. (1*s*. net.)

Albany Review, Jan., 1908. (Lane: 2*s*. 6*d*. net.)

"Goneaway's Race." By Campbell Rae Brown. (Everett: 1*s*. net)

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OFFICE: TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday January 8, 1908

Political news? Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has taken several turns on the beach at Biarritz. Mr. Balfour has been at Whittingehame. Mr. Keir Hardie has had a motor accident. Lord Curzon is still superior. It is a little difficult to preserve one's political enthusiasm under these circumstances; but they cannot be helped. Wake a dormouse too early, and he will be dull for the rest of the year. It is the same with politicians, only more so.

* * *

The Alternative

(*Lord Curzon is standing for the vacancy among the Irish Representative Peers caused by the death of Lord Kilmaine.*)

Your choice, my lords, is clear—
To say if you desire
Curzon as Irish Peer
Or Curzon's peerish ire.

* * *

When the work of pacification in Morocco is complete, General d'Amade will—according to the *Daily Graphic*—hand over Casa Blanca to the Sultan. It goes without saying that many people think this d'Amade on Casa Blanca.

* * *

A snake at the Zoo recently produced a family of thirty-one young ones. On hearing the good news, President Roosevelt is believed to have remarked: "Gee! I guess the snake was an American adder."

* * *

Mrs. Despard wrote to all the papers last week to say that she had returned her "income and inhabited house duty requisition form" to the tax-collector, declining to pay the tax. This was a foolish thing to do, no doubt, but after Mrs. Despard's frank and public confession, we hope the tax-collector will overlook what was perhaps only a thoughtless error.

* * *

Bad sailors will be glad to know that the Schlick gyroscopic steadying apparatus has been tried at sea with great success. A vessel fitted with this does not roll at all. One can imagine the conversation on a pleasure-steamer of the future as follows:—

PASSENGER: "Steward!"

STEWARD: "Madam?"

PASSENGER: "I feel—feel—sea-sick."

STEWARD: "Impossible, Madam. We are fitted with the Schlick apparatus."

PASSENGER: "Perhaps it is only sea-Schlickness, then. I—I'll have the basin."

* * *

The apotheosis of a girl "Raffles" at Lucerne, who, after committing several burglaries, severely wounded a gendarme, has caused some apprehension among those who dislike the idea of woman's emancipation. For our part, we rather welcome the idea of women burglars. If there must be burglars, we should, on the whole, prefer them to be women. One reason is that men would be so much nobler if only women burgled. Another is that we should feel safer. Not, indeed, that Miss Kummer—the Lucerne young lady—was in any way to be sniffed at; only we feel sure that the gendarme she hit was not the one she aimed at. And any man roused at dead of night by stealthy footsteps would, we venture to think, be glad to know that the masked figure bending over his silver-chest was a girl and not a hulking person of his own sex. Of course, it would be a bother if the burglar began to cry and wanted smelling-salts and so forth. But anything really is better than violence. We men are still a chivalrous sex—whatever may be said to the contrary.

A Pessimist

"Strooth, 'Erbert, what's that feller?"
"Why, one o' them Gawdin 'Ighlanders in deep mournin', I should fink!"

(By "SNAFFLES")

* * *

Does the British public really know what it owes to its reporters? We doubt it. Look at the incident of the red handkerchief, by which news of the existence of an actual body in the Druce vault was conveyed to the Press last week. The average man, reading of it, remarked: "I don't see anything in that. The reporter only dabbed his nose with it." But supposing the reverse contingency had arisen, and there had been no bones. What would have happened? It was a cold day. The reporter had stood for hours watching that grim scene. Yet, if there had been no body, he would—moved by that stern discipline, that extraordinary sensitiveness to organisation, that only reporters feel—have been unable to dab his nose.

Lessons in Journalese: No. 5 HOW TO WRITE A COLUMN ABOUT NOTHING FOR THE Evening Squandered and St. James's Gazogene

ROUND AND ROUND

Let us talk about boxes. Somehow or other it is difficult to dissociate ourselves entirely from boxes in some shape or form, no matter who we are. Comparatively few of us, alas! can afford the opulent luxury of a box at the opera; many of us are even blissfully unconscious of the deprivation which our inability to "find the needful" (as the phrase goes) entails. But what of that? We enjoy our hard seat in the gallery none the less, and are content, knowing there is no appeal against the inevitable. [Four stars, please.] * * * * [Thank you!]

Most people can look at a cigar-box full of rich brown cigars (with their pathetic little bands round their middles!) without a tear. Indeed, the highly coloured and, be it said, wholly irrelevant illustration on the lid is more often than not, we should imagine, provocative of laughter than of weeping. But when the box is empty? Ah! Who is there among us who has not opened a cigar-box, full of hope in the delicious expectation of the joy that is to be, and finding it empty has gone away with a heart too full for words—or words that can only be expressed like this— * * * * [Four of these, please.]

Of all inanimate objects in this world, pillar-boxes—round red pillar-boxes—are, perhaps, the most so. Their inscrutability defies you. You cannot probe their unfathomable depths by peering into their slit-like apologies for mouths; and it is a "ten to one chance" (as the phrase goes) against any of the keys on your bunch fitting the lock of the little door which alone gives access into their interiors. Pillar-boxes (unlike pill-boxes, by the way) are almost invariably red—bright red. Would they still exercise their peculiar and indisputable fascination, we wonder, if they were—say—blue? We wonder!

* * * * (My stars!)

The match-box, as Kipling says, is truly the "little friend of all the world." Perhaps it is not so much the box itself as its striking contents that we have learnt to love; those little brown-headed inmates which have so often helped to lighten our darkness! Nothing can happen for good or evil without the match-box bearing its full share in it. It is the indispensable adjunct to the home; the common, though cherished, property of tramp or peer; the initial necessary of life itself! A man without a match-box is like a ship without a compass. True, he can always "borrow a match" (by the way, who ever heard of anyone repaying a borrowed match?), but——

* * * * *

[Your stars, I think?—Editor of The Bystander.]

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NAVY

No. 5.—LANDING AN ATTACKING PARTY

There are only three more of these historic contributions to the pictorial history of our Navy to come. Therefore order your Bystander in advance, as we cannot reprint the issues in which they are to appear. Enormous prices are being offered for the pictures already published

By E. G. O. Beuttler

The London Crowd Again!

PRETENDS TO BE SCOTCH, AND CELEBRATES "HOGMANAY" WITH NASAL ENTHUSIASM

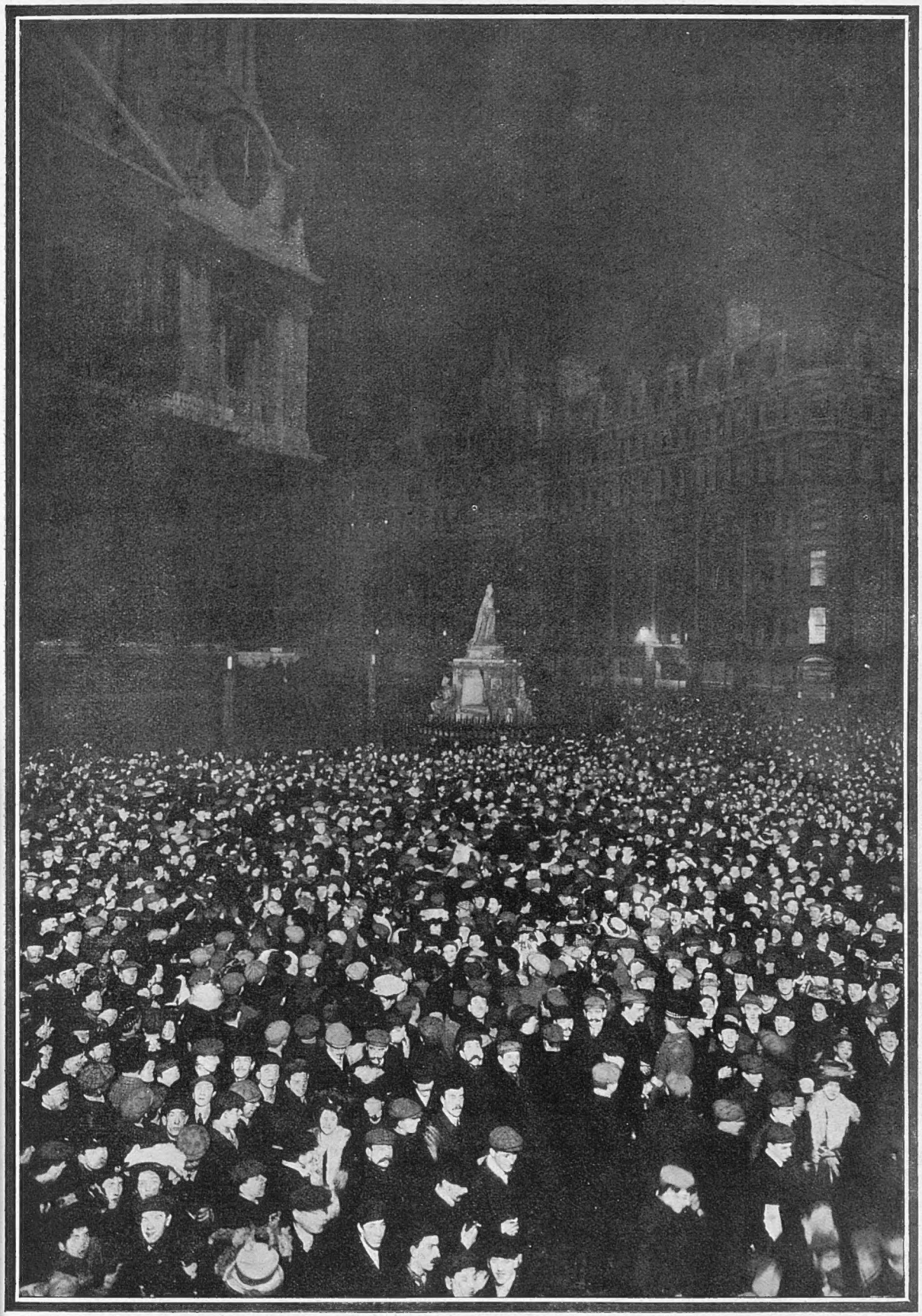
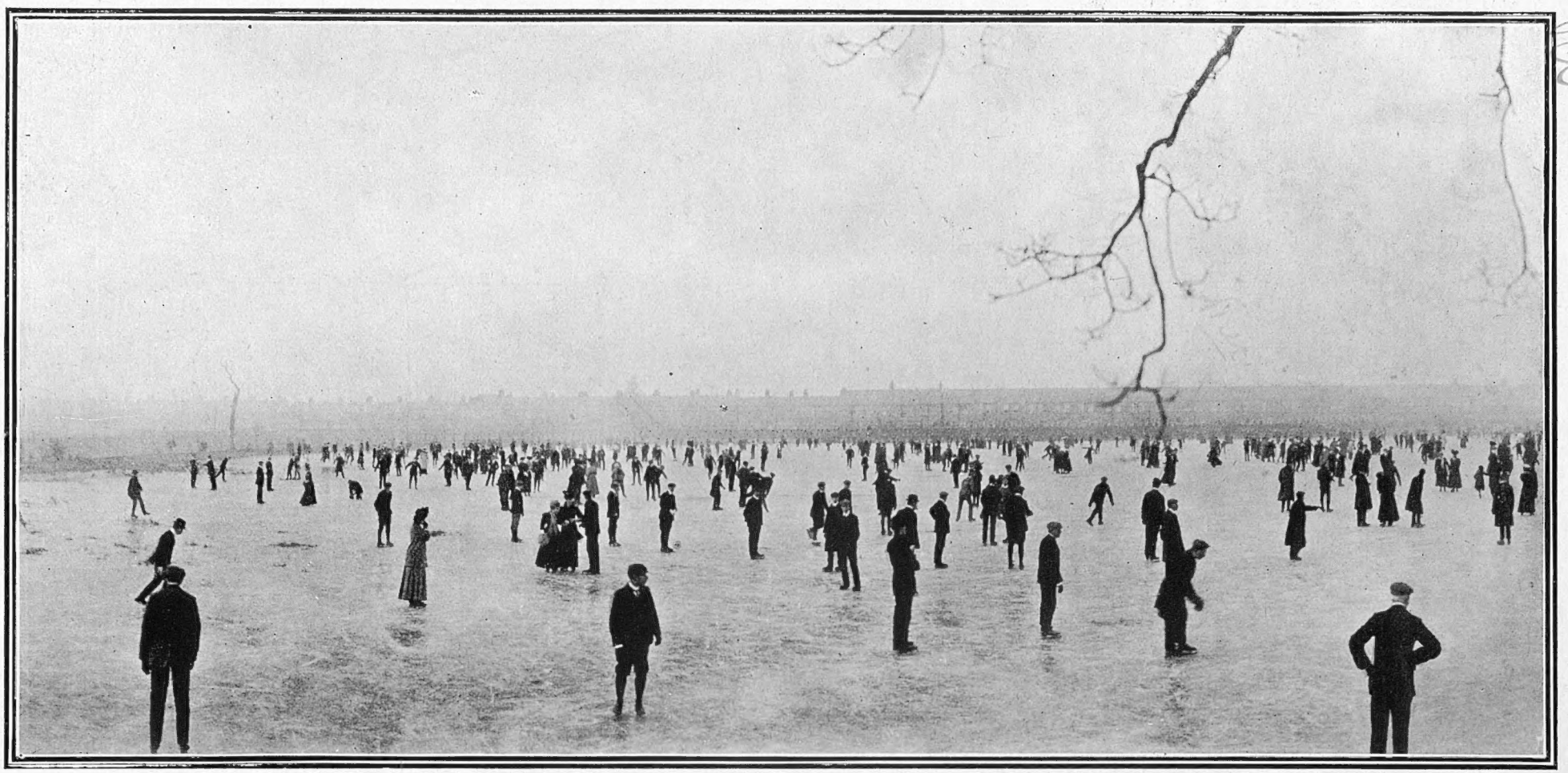


Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Scene Outside St. Paul's on the Stroke of Midnight, Tuesday, December 31

The incorrigible London crowd was at it again on New Year's Eve. Composed, probably, of the same individuals who a week or two ago lionised Robert Wood outside the New Bailey, it proceeded in thousands to St. Paul's Churchyard, and heralded the dawn of 1908 in accents as Scotch as whisky could make them. A glance at the faces in our photograph due apology being made for the flashlight will give an idea of the nature of the enthusiasts (there are pleasing exceptions, of course!), and of the part of London from which the majority probably hailed

London on Skates: Wimbledon Awhirl



THE SKATING ON SUNDAY ON THE EARLSFIELD LAKE, WIMBLEDON

London had on Sunday the little bout of skating which is vouchsafed to it by the Clerk of the Weather every now and then. The ice carnival, however, was of short duration, for with workaday Monday came the thaw. Thousands of Londoners, nevertheless, made good use of the Sunday holiday, and every piece of frozen water in or around the Metropolis was crowded with merrymakers from early morn to frosty eve. The most popular resorts were the Hampstead Ponds, Hackney Marshes, Earlsfield, and Wimbledon

London on Skates: Hampstead Happy!

SUNDAY SKATING ON THE PONDS AT HAMPSTEAD HEATH

Racing Notions

THE SPRING HANDICAPS, By CARBINE

"Class" in the Handicaps

On Thursday we shall be in possession of the entries for the big Spring handicaps. I suppose we shall see Dean Swift, Kaffir Chief, Roseate Dawn, Malua, Wuffy, and the rest of our old friends among the entries; but will real "class" be given to the handicaps by the presence of such champions as Galvani and Woolwinder? Either one would be sufficient to raise the races from mediocrity. Perhaps both of these may be found in the Jubilee, and in the absence of splendid Velocity, who has probably run his last race, they would no doubt be set to carry top weight in any handicap up to a mile and a half in distance. It is difficult to say which is the better of the pair, and the first race in which they meet is sure to be one of the greatest of the ensuing season. Galvani was beaten pointless in the Derby, but he wasn't half the horse then that he was three months later, and if a match were to be got up between them, he would have just as many supporters as Woolwinder. It seems to be doubtful whether we shall ever see Orby on the racecourse again. This is greatly to be regretted, as his standard as a Derby winner is vague and undefined. I by no means agree with those who declare that Orby was one of the luckiest winners of the Epsom race ever known. I never saw a horse with better action, and he gained his great triumph fairly and squarely, no matter what may be said to the contrary. It was a pity that he should have gone amiss constitutionally so soon after Epsom, and it is to be feared that we shall never know now whether he was really the best of his age.

Current Steeplechasing

Coulthwaite, the Hednesford trainer, who will always be associated with the splendid success of Eremon in the Grand National last season, won two steeplechases at Manchester with Lady Malta and a hurdle race with Moonstruck. But his "good thing" of the week, Seisdon Prince, failed badly in the Manchester Steeplechase. Those who have frequently seen this horse jump brilliantly were extremely disappointed with his ignominious display. He was beaten pointless by Agony and Rubio, who fought out a stirring finish, that resulted in a win for the first named. Now that the frost has broken, there seems to be every likelihood of racing at Windsor on Friday and Saturday, where **Little Sprout** may take the Eton Hurdle Handicap, **Flaxfield** the Park Steeplechase, and **Extravagance** the Club Steeplechase.

THE COMING WEEK'S WEATHER.

January 8 to 14

Wed.	Generally overcast; temperature above normal
Thurs.	Overcast till forenoon, with slight showers in the early morning, and cloudless with frost at night; barometer falls; colder
Fri.	Cloudy early morning, slight fog forenoon, finer and partially cloudy till afternoon; overcast at night; somewhat milder and slightly unsettled
Sat.	Overcast morning, with slight showers; fine afterwards and cloudless at night; barometer rises
Sun.	Fine in the morning, but generally overcast afterwards
Mon.	Fine before noon, but variably cloudy afterwards, with occasional slight showers; somewhat colder; barometer falls
Tues.	Overcast with occasional slight showers early morning, but finer and variably cloudy afterwards; somewhat milder; barometer falls

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world go by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The King and Queen

The King is expected to spend a day or two of this week at Buckingham Palace, transacting many pressing affairs of State during the day, and dining privately with personal friends in the evenings. At the end of the week, his Majesty will join the Queen at Windsor, where the Court, as is customary at this time of the year, is to be in residence for a fortnight. All the members of the Royal family at present in England will, by special invitation of the King, assemble at Windsor Castle on January 21 in order to attend the memorial service held at the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore to the late Queen Victoria. The King, accompanied by the Queen, will open Parliament in person on January 29. During February, two Courts and two Levées will be held, the first Court being, as usual, chiefly official, and attended by the Ambassadors, Chefs de Mission, members of the Government, and ex-Ministers. On the last day of the month the King leaves England for a month's stay at Biarritz, the Queen remaining in England to entertain her sister, the Empress Marie of Russia.

* * *

Lord Curzon and the Prime Minister

Everybody was anxious that Lord Curzon should make a suitable and dignified re-entry into home politics after his long abstention from them, and there has been general disappointment that the ex-Viceroy should have struck the discordant note so loudly as he has done over his application for a peerage. Nothing could have been more ungracious than his attack on the Premier for "refusing to allow me to take my place" (in the Lords) "with all the other Viceroys." Why did he not apply for his peerage, if he wanted one, to the late Government, which appointed him, and which was in office six months after his retirement from India? Because he quarrelled with that Government? Perhaps. But is there any reason why a Liberal Premier should take his part in the dispute, particularly as the Liberal Party contends that Lord Curzon's "partition" policy was the first cause of the Bengali unrest, and, therefore, a political mistake. Further, seeing that it has been the policy of the Government not to create any new peerages, even for Liberals, with what hope could Lord Curzon have expected them to create one for him—a Conservative? The Liberals claim that already there are far too many Tories in the Upper House; and yet Lord Curzon attacks the Premier for not adding another to their number.

Photo Beresford
Lord Curzon

THE CONTEST FOR AN IRISH PEERAGE
An Irishman or—Lord Curzon?

Photo Downey
Lord de Vesci

Photo Lafayette
Lord Ashtown

By his application for an Irish peerage, Lord Curzon enters into competition with two other candidates, both of whom are Irishmen, whereas Lord Curzon is English, and will, in due course, succeed to the peerage of his father, Lord Scarsdale. The ex-Viceroy's action in the matter has been severely criticised on all hands, particu arly his attack on the Prime Minister for not granting him a peerage of the United Kingdom

* * *

An Anomalous Position

Lord Curzon will, probably, succeed in securing his election as an Irish "representative" peer, though, in doing so, he places himself in an invidious position. As the heir in due course to a peerage of the United Kingdom (his father, Lord Scarsdale, is seventy-seven), he proposes to be an Irish peer meanwhile. But an Irish peer is representative *for life*. Lord Curzon, though he has had no connection whatsoever with Ireland, will continue to be an Irish peer, and, in doing so, will keep out of the right, so long as he lives, an Irish nobleman who covets the honour. At the moment, either Lord de Vesci or Lord Ashtown, both Irishmen must be displaced to make way for him. As will be seen, therefore, the whole position of Lord Curzon is anomalous. When he takes his seat, of course, the manner of his taking it will be forgotten; for, in the gilded Chamber, his rich oratory is pretty certain to make due impression.

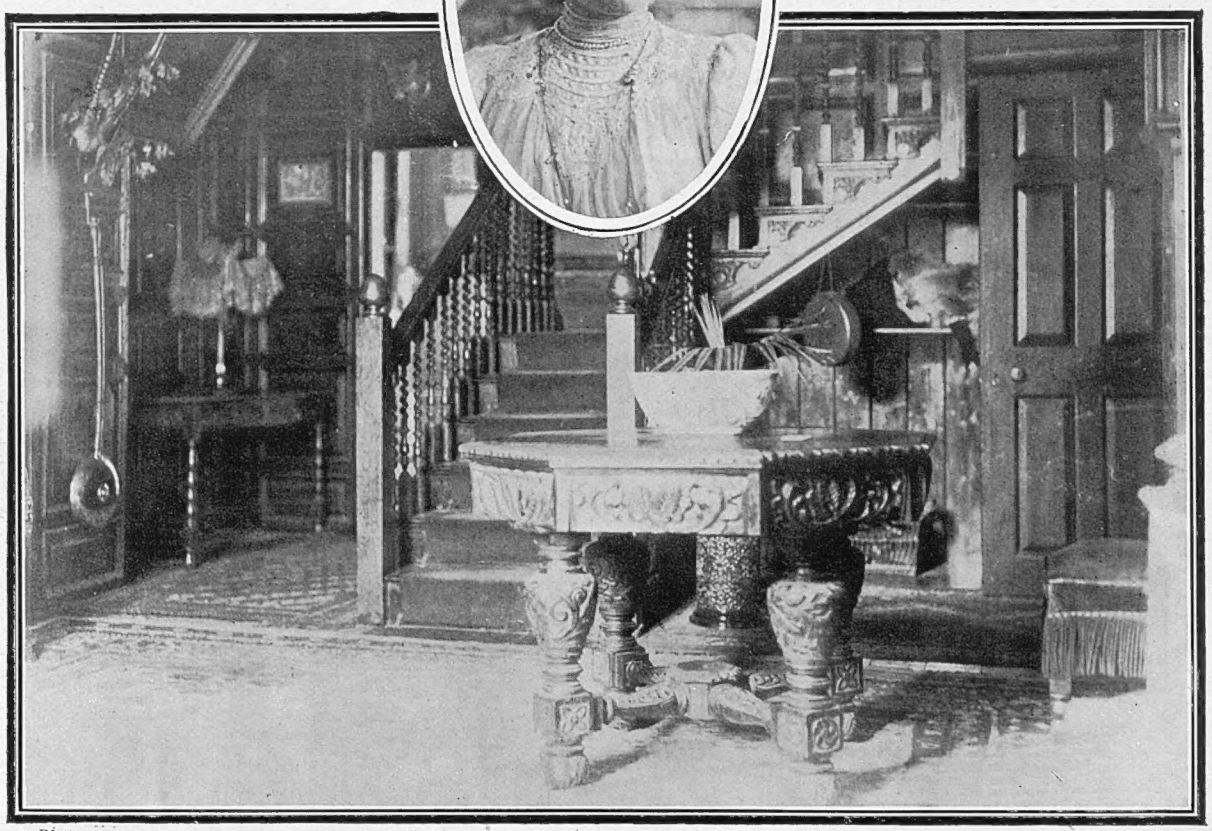
A New Year's Eve Tragedy

THE ATTEMPTED MURDER AND SUICIDE AT FLEET

The Exterior of "Velmead," Fleet, Hants, the Residence of Mrs. Coates Phillips

Mrs. Coates Phillips

Who was shot at by her husband prior to his own suicide, but fortunately escaped serious injury



Photos *Graphic Photo Union*

The room at "Velmead," in which the tragic affray took place

The country was startled to find the New Year heralded by the news of one of the most terrible love tragedies of recent years. Major Coates Phillips, D.S.O., apparently maddened by jealousy of the wife by whom he was recently divorced, visited her home at "Velmead," Fleet, just as the New Year celebrations were in full progress. Attempting to shoot his wife, he fortunately missed her, but, prior to killing himself, he seriously wounded Mr. Smith, his wife's solicitor, and Mrs. Lucena, her mother, who were staying at the house. As he presented the revolver at his wife, Major Phillips said, "Your time has come!"

Engagements Actual, and One Alleged

Frost's Brief Visit

The visit of King Frost has been too cruelly short. Much to the delight of skaters, it reached its zenith at the week-end, and enabled many thousands to enjoy this too rare pastime. Now, however, it is those who are fortunate enough to be on the Continent who are having all the fun. Next week, I shall hope to give an account of glacial doings in Switzerland from a special correspondent, with some specially taken photographs. But, by that time, perhaps King Frost will have relented, and paid us a return visit.

* * *

The Fleet Tragedy

The material consequences of divorce—whatever the moral may be—are seldom, fortunately for Society at large, so overwhelmingly tragic and terrible as those which have terminated one of the most notorious of the many Army divorce cases which followed the Boer War. On New Year's Eve, Major Coates Phillips, who was divorced by his wife eighteen months ago, obtained admission to his wife's house near Fleet, in Hampshire, and made a murderous attack on the household. A year ago, on his wife's application, he had been bound over to keep the peace. On the very day of the expiry of his undertaking, and on the anniversary of the day on which he first met his wife, Major Phillips, armed with a six-chambered Service revolver loaded with expanding bullets, took his own life, after attempting that of his wife and child and wounding mortally his mother-in-law, Mrs. Lucena, and, dangerously, his wife's solicitor, Mr. Smith. Mrs. Phillips belongs to a well-known Hampshire family, and is a popular member of the South Berkshire Hunt, with which she had intended to be out on the day following the tragedy. Major Phillips was a brave and distinguished soldier, who was three times mentioned by Lord Roberts in despatches during the Boer War. He was the victim, however, of an ungovernable temper, and subject to fits of tremendous excitement. In spite of his treatment of her, Major Phillips was, it is believed, genuinely fond of his wife.

Photo *Alice Hughes*

Miss Finovala Maclean

Only daughter of Sir Fitzroy Maclean, Bart., of Morvaren, Argyllshire, and Overblow. Shorne, Kent, who is just engaged to Mr. Roger Cordy Simpson, of Wray Park, Reigate, Surrey

Photo *Thomson*

Miss Viola Dudley Ward

To be married to the Hon. William Erskine, of the Foreign Office

* * *

An Emancipated Princess

Ever since her coming-out, the late Duke of Edinburgh's youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, has enjoyed a far better time than is usually vouchsafed to Princesses of the blood Royal. Wisely declining to be forced early into matrimony, as were her sisters before, they were out of the schoolroom, she has reaped the reward of her sagacity. Half the masculine Royalties of Europe have paid their addresses to her, and, at the present rate of progression, there will soon remain scarce one eligible princeling who has not, at some time or another, been reported as affianced to this most happy Princess. The King of Spain, the Duke of Cumberland, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and the Grand Dukes Michael and Boris of Russia—these are but a selection of the husbands vicariously assigned to her. The very latest—only the announcement is already denied—is Prince Alfonso of Bourbon-Orleans, cousin of the King, as Princess "Bee" is cousin of the Queen, of Spain, and son of that Infant Eulalia of Spain so much of whose time is spent in England.

* * *

New Year's Eve at Claridge's

It is always a question where to spend one's New Year's Eve. There is generally an embarrassment of entertainment, both public and private. I spent mine very successfully at Claridge's, where, at one and the same time, that famous hostelry was celebrating its centenary and seeing in the New Year. Needless to say, the proceedings were more than ever characterised by that due ceremony, high sense of the fitness of things, and great hospitality which is the distinguishing feature of this delightful old hotel. Lord and Lady Marcus Beresford, Mrs. Hwfa Williams, Sir Albert Rollit, and the Grand Duke Michael, were among those staying in the hotel during the New Year celebrations.

Her Eligible Highness

Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg

Whose engagement to Prince Alphonse of Bourbon-Orleans was announced but subsequently denied. The Princess is the only unmarried daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and niece of King Edward

On the Road to Assouan (OR RATHER THE RIVER)

TWO VIEWS OF MESSRS. COOK'S LUXURIOUS NEW NILE STEAMER 'EGYPT"

Photo] The "Egypt" alongside the Quay *[Wade*

The Promenade Deck of the "Egypt"

The *Egypt* is a veritable palace, now floating up the Nile to Assouan on its maiden trip, and is practically of British make throughout. The hull, which was constructed by Messrs. Thornycroft on the Thames, was sent in pieces to Cairo, ready bored and punched for fitting. The engines were built by Inglis in Glasgow, and the paddles are of the diagonal triple expansion type. The ship is, throughout, lighted by electricity, and the dynamo also supplies the radiators. The accommodation supplied surpasses anything which has ever been attempted on a Nile boat. The vessel is 230 ft. long and 32 ft. wide. The furnishing of the boat was executed by Messrs. Maple and Co.

The Future of Chamberlain Tertius

Joe Chamberlain, Jun.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Jun., is—I am informed on the highest possible authority—showing, even thus early, a healthy sign of that independence of spirit and contempt for established tradition which ever distinguished his illustrious grandparent. Already, forsaking the fanes of his forefathers, he has so far flouted custom as to be baptised in church and not in chapel. And this is not the only departure from precedent in contemplation. Like Admiral Carlisle and his newly affianced daughter in that delicious Comedy of Manners, *Lady Frederick*, at the Court Theatre, Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, though not *quite* so prematurely, has already decided upon the state of life and sphere of action her son is prominently to adorn. That sphere, it is interesting to note, is neither Westminster nor Downing Street.

* * *

His Destiny

Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, it may not be generally known, is not afflicted with that almost slavish interest in politics which some women affect. As a fact, they rather bore her, and, strange though it may seem, the daughter of Colonel Dundas actually prefers the sword to the pen, or, shall we say, the spout? Baby Joe is, therefore, to be popped into Service suitings just as soon as his little limbs are long enough to display to advantage the wardrobe of an officer in the British Army.

Photo *Bassano*

Not Interested in Politics!

Mrs. Austen Chamberlain, who has, it is said, decided that her infant son, Joseph, shall enter the Army, not politics, which do not greatly interest her

Three Mighty Hunters

The fashion of big game shoots in which ladies participate seems yearly on the increase. Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, a sportswoman who, I hear, took no inactive part in the planning of a recent notorious "burglary," led the way with her journey across Somaliland. Her latest follower is Lady Sefton, who, with Lord Sefton and Major Hugh Fraser, of Lovat, a well-known and popular Highland sportsman, has gone to Egypt and East Africa big game hunting. Both Lord and Lady Sefton are keen on sport of all kinds, Lady Sefton being one of the few ladies to whom coursing appeals. There is always, at Croxteth, which will be closed this year owing to the absence of its owners, a big party for the Waterloo Cup Week and for the Liverpool Spring races, and the Prince of Wales regularly shoots with Lord Sefton at Abbeystead, his shooting lodge in North Lancashire. Lord Sefton is one of the sternest opponents of tips. To those who are not endowed too well with worldly goods, an invitation to shoot or race with Lord and Lady Sefton is always joyfully acceptable, for in every bedroom of their house is a small card bearing the welcome legend:

> No gratuities are to be given to any of the servants.

And they are quite good servants, too.

Photo *Thompson*

A New Privy Councillor

The Right Hon. William McEwan, the well-known Scottish philanthropist. Though a Liberal, he is a brewer. Among other things, he is the step-father of Mrs. "Ronnie" Greville

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Sefton

Who, with Lady Sefton, has gone big game shooting in East Africa

Photo *Barnett*

Rear-Admiral the Hon. Stanley C. J. Colville, C.V.O., C.B.

He has succeeded Rear-Admiral Finnis in command of the Home Fleet

Society and the Literary Habit

At the Nore

Rear-Admiral the Hon. Stanley C. J. Colville, C.V.O., C.B., who has succeeded Rear-Admiral Finnis in command of the Home Fleet at the Nore, is a brother of Lord Colville of Culross, a Scottish peer, who has absolutely no territorial connection with Scotland. Admiral Colville is married to Lord Clanwilliam's youngest daughter. He has seen much service, having served through the Zulu War, the Egyptian Campaign and the Nile Expedition of 1884-5, and having been severely wounded and much commended in the Dongola Expedition of 1896.

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The Tenant of Stratford House

Mr. William McEwan, who has lately been enrolled as a Privy Councillor, and to whom Lord and Lady Colebrooke have let Stratford House while they take up residence at the little Munshi's House in Windsor Park which the King has granted them, is the "Bass" of Edinburgh. His pale ale has a reputation which comes next only to that borne by the national Scottish beverage itself. Mr. McEwan has ever been a generous benefactor of Edinburgh charities and of the cause of art and education in Scotland. Mr. McEwan was born in 1829, and is the son of an Alloa shipowner. Though a staunch Liberal, he lives in an atmosphere of Conservatism, for his step-daughter is the wife of Captain "Ronnie" Greville, son of Lord Greville and of Lady Violet Greville, the well-known writer in the *Graphic*. At her marriage, Mr. McEwan gave Mrs. Greville jewels valued at some £100,000. She is a great friend of Mrs. George Keppel, and a leading light of the Royal and racing set. Yachting, bridge, and racing are Mrs. Greville's chief amusements, and, like all the ladies of this set, she is a brilliant conversationalist. Stratford House seldom stays long in the same hands. Formerly the property of Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie, they gave it to their son-in-law, Mr. Murray Guthrie, who sold it to Lord Colebrooke. Last year the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe rented it.

Photo *K. Collings*

Lady Tennant

Wife of Sir Edward Tennant, Bart., daughter of the Hon. P. S. Wyndham, and sister of Mr. George Wyndham. She, as "Pamela Tennant," writes charmingly

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Society and the Literary Habit

There are two beautiful Pamelas in London Society to-day. One is Lady Lytton, the other Lady Tennant. Both are artistic. Lady Lytton, as Pamela Plowden, was once a "Soul" (if any of my readers happen to know what that may have been). Lady Tennant, on the other hand, is devoted to the Simple Life. Like her brother, Mr. George Wyndham, she writes well and has pronounced literary leanings; and it was in part her influence which induced her husband, Sir Edward Tennant, to buy *The Academy* and instal Lord Alfred Douglas as editor. Sir Edward, though he did not inherit all, nevertheless came in for a very fair share of the two and a half millions left by his father, Sir Charles Tennant, whose widow has just married again. He is very fond of fishing and so is his wife, and together they ride and garden and enjoy all country pursuits.

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Cecil Rhodes and Women

Cecil Rhodes, whose statue was unveiled at Kimberley lately, was consumed with a passion for posthumous fame, yet a wish for posterity formed no part of his ambition. Thinking, like Napoleon, in continents, he was so great, so strong, that he feared the power of weakness, of love, and of the softer side of life. He liked women, admired them intensely, and would say of them in general that he found them "awfully decent." Asked once, however, why he never married, he confessed, "I could not bear that little tug upon my arm, holding me back when I would go forward, interfering with my plans, curbing my ambitions." His Imperial ideals were wife and child to him. He was very little of a sportsman, and games bored him. He had glorious shooting up at Kimberley, but I have seen him walk for half an hour, his gun over his shoulder, game literally swarming around him, his eyes fixed in thought, his mind so full of plans that time and place had slipped away. He was never in the least a happy man. He had not the power of locking the office door upon his worries. So he lived hard and died, and a South Africa mostly British, and the Cape to Cairo Railway, are the chief results.

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Roses and Gymkhanas in Cairo

There are roses, writes my Cairo correspondent, roses all the way in Cairo just now. At a big bazaar opened by Lady Gorst recently at the Hotel Semiramis, one of the most effective stalls was that presided over by Lady Rogers and furnished almost entirely with roses of every imaginable variety and hue. At a dance given just after at the British

Africa Honours Its Inventor

THE RHODES STATUE IN KIMBERLEY

Photo *Gifford Smith*

The statue represents Cecil Rhodes mounted, and wearing the clothes which served him for his memorable visit, unarmed, to the Matoppos, in 1896, where peace was made with the Matabele insurgents. It was designed by the late W. Hamo Thornycroft, and erected by public subscription on land acquired by the late Mr. Beit. It is a curious reflection that not only the subject of the statue, but the sculptor and the inventor of the project should now be dead. Rhodes's work, however, is very much alive. May he not be called the Inventor of Africa—as to-day we know it? Not only is there a British South Africa to perpetuate his name, but in a few years time there will be a complete Cape to Cairo Railway. The real "Rhodes Memorial," in fact, to posterity, will be not in stone at Kimberley, but in iron across the continent

Ginnellism and Birrellism

Agency by Lady Gorst, roses again provided the whole scheme of decoration, and Lady Gorst, who is earning quite a reputation for good dressing, wore a graceful gown of sea-green chiffon, beautifully embroidered in silver. At this dance one of the prettiest of this year's debutantes—the Princess Irene Dhuleep Singh—was dressed in thin cream silk, and wore a necklace of wonderful opals. One of the biggest events of the Cairo season, so far, was the Automobile Gymkhana. Every variety of motor of which Cairo can boast turned out for the occasion, making the road to Mena quite dangerous for foot passengers. The events were watched by an immense crowd of spectators, and proved intensely amusing. For once speed was not so much considered as delicacy of manipulation and adjustment of balance. In most cases the owners of the cars were their own chauffeurs.

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Amateurs at the Scala

Quite a number of interesting people are taking part in the performance of *The Catch of the Season*, which is to be performed at the Scala Theatre on January 16, 17, and 18, in aid of the funds of the Kensington General Hospital. Mrs. W. H. Crowe, well known in Simla, whose husband was a judge in the Bombay Presidency before his retirement, is playing the part of the Duchess, while another famous member of the Simla A.D.C., Mrs. Frances Skrine, is appearing as the Hon. Sophia Bedford. Mr. Noel Curtis-Bennett, son of the magistrate, will play the Duke. The rôle of Angela (Miss Ellaline Terriss's original part) is to be taken by Miss Enid Lang, niece of Lord Iveagh; Mr. Ernest Thesiger, nephew of Lord Chelmsford, will play Lord Dundreary; and Mr. Clifford Erskine-Bolst is playing the part of Lord Charles Yatton. Mr. Lionel J. Cornish and Mr. Noel P. Adams are taking the parts of Frank Wilson and Captain Rushpool respectively. Sir Aubrey and Lady Dean Paul (as Clotilde) are taking part. Miss Bertha Selous, niece of the famous explorer; Mr. Bernard Cass, formerly of Bradford, brother of Lady Weetman Pearson; Miss Dufort, whose father is a director of De Beers; and Miss Beatrice Ward, sister of the cartoonist "Spy," are also included, while the whole play is to be produced under the direction of Mr. E. H. Kelly, now making a perfectly delightful "Mad Hatter" in *Alice* at the Apollo.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Laurence Ginnell, M.P.

The troublesome Irish politician, who has, as a punishment for sowing sedition, been imprisoned for contempt of Court

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

The Late Lady Pearce

Whose death (six weeks after that of her husband, Sir William G. Pearce) releases a large sum of money bequeathed by him for public purposes, notably £400,000 for Trinity College, Cambridge

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Ginnellism and Birrellism

The most-talked-of man in Ireland is still Mr. Laurence Ginnell, M.P., who has, at last, been brought to heel by the law, and imprisoned, not, however, for his real offence of stirring up sedition by inflammatory speeches, but for "contempt of Court." As luck would have it, Mr. Ginnell's speech happened to offend a legal technicality and to get him sentenced for it. It has thus been possible to punish him without making him a "martyr," as prosecution by Mr. Birrell for his political offence would have certainly done. Whatever his opponents may think of Mr. Birrell's policy in Ireland, there can be no doubt of his extreme cleverness in extricating himself from awkward predicaments. The wild Irishmen of the North and the wily ones of the South may yet find the author of "Obiter Dicta" one too many for them; and "Birrellism" may pass into the language as "the faculty of solving the insoluble by the sense of humour."

Photo *Russell*

Dr. Butler

Master of Trinity College, Cambridge

* * *

£400,000 for Cambridge!

By the death of Lady Pearce, who only survived her husband, Sir William G. Pearce, by six weeks, Trinity College, Cambridge, benefits to the extent of £400,000. This vast sum will be administered by Dr. Butler, the Master of Trinity, whose photograph we publish in this number. Dr. Butler, it will be remembered, was for many years the Head Master of Harrow and also Chaplain-in-Ordinary to Queen Victoria.

Amateurs at the Scala

"THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," TO BE GIVEN IN AID OF THE KENSINGTON HOSPITAL

Pho'o] **Miss Enid Lang** *[H. Lane Smith*

The niece of Lord Iveagh, appearing as Angela

Photo] **Miss Beatrice Ward** *[Byzanotype*

As Lady Crystal. She is the sister of Mr. Leslie Ward, the cartoonist, better known as "Spy"

Mr. Noel Curtis-Bennett

Son of the well-known magistrate. He is playing the Duke of St. Jermyn's

Mr. Ernest Thesiger

Appearing as Lord Dundreary. He is the nephew of Lord Chelmsford

Photos] **Miss Dufort**

As the Hon. Honoria Bedford, one of the daughters of Lady Crystal. Her father is a well-known director of De Beers

Miss Bertha Selous *[Dover St. Studios*

The niece of the famous explorer. She is playing Miss Caw

Three special performances by amateurs of *The Catch of the Season* are taking place on January 16, 17, and 18, at the Scala Theatre, in aid of the funds of the Kensington General Hospital. Many of the best-known amateurs are taking part in the performance

Photos: Mr. Curtis-Bennett, Chidley: Mr. E. Thesiger, Beresford

The Leadless Coffin

I must confess to a feeling of bitter disappointment on hearing that the Druce coffin contained a body after all. Another of the fond illusions of childhood was gone for ever, and I now daily expect some man of science to demonstrate that there never was a haunted house in Berkeley Square, or a plague-pit in Hans Place. For it is quite a mistake to suppose that the story of the mock funeral first came into being at the time of Mrs. Druce's probate action. It was widely known at least thirty years ago, and I can remember in the late seventies regarding the Baker Street Bazaar as a place of mystery. But in the original version the contents of the coffin were not lead, but brickbats.

A Popular Myth

It would be very interesting to know the origin of this extraordinary and widely believed story. The necessary privacy of some of the circumstances of Mr. Druce's death might not unnaturally give rise to a certain amount of gossip, but hardly to such a detailed account as this. Is it a mere corollary upon the likeness, real or supposed, between Mr. Druce and the Duke of Portland? The pending action may possibly supply the answer to this question, and for the present prevents its discussion. In the meantime, I venture to put forward an idea of my own, viz., that the story was invented by Mr. Caldwell to amuse Sir Morell Mackenzie when they were engaged in doctoring the Duke's nose. Under all the circumstances of the case, the mere fact that the funeral did not take place until some years afterwards cannot be regarded as necessarily fatal to the theory.

Calm After the Storm

The evening papers, like their readers at the end of Christmas, have entered upon a course of starvation as an antidote to a recent period of repletion. During the last two months the legal adventures of Messrs. Druce and Caldwell, Lieutenant Woods of the Grenadiers, and Mr. Wood of Camden Town, have all been simultaneously attracting popular attention, and sub-editors have been engaged in the task of cutting down first-class copy to a quarter of its original length. They have now returned to the more familiar duty of expanding a two-hundred word cricket telegram from Australia into two columns of matter. Why cannot popular litigants arrange for their cases to come on one after the other?

Photo *Russell*

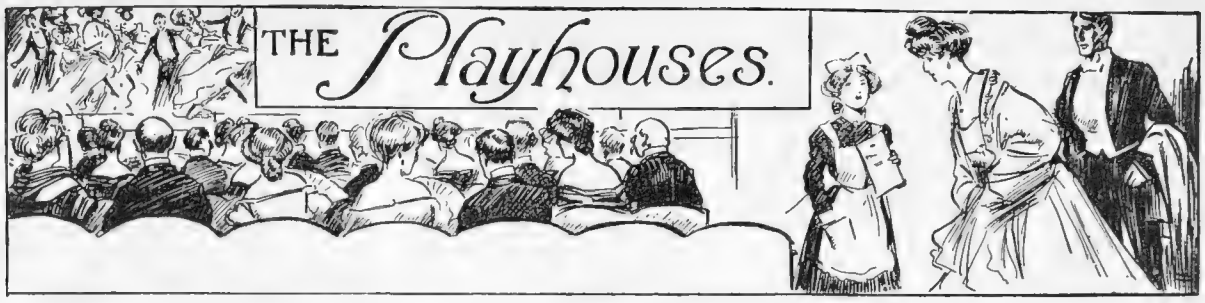
Prof. Pepper, of the Home Office, who Conducted the Exhumation at the Druce Grave

Scotch Verdicts

The verdict of acquittal in the Camden Town murder case was a practical certainty from the beginning, for it was obvious from the proceedings in the police court that, suspicious as the facts were, there was not that certainty of the prisoner's guilt which alone could justify a jury in sending him to the gallows. But I think that they manage these things better in Scotland. I have every respect and reverence for the great principle of English law that every man is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty; but, nevertheless, there seems logically to be room for the third verdict, which will grant a prisoner his life and liberty without appearing to give him a certificate of character which he has done nothing to deserve. A verdict of "Not Proven"—if it means what I suppose it does—would have exactly fitted this case.

An Unworthy Hero

Such a verdict might possibly have prevented the disgraceful ovation from the mob which hailed Wood's acquittal. Innocent of murder though he was found to be, it is difficult to imagine a more unworthy object of popular applause than a young and outwardly respectable man, who led not only a double but a treble life, and, not satisfied with lying himself, endeavoured to suborn others to commit perjury in order to save himself. His troubles were entirely his own fault. And what is to be said of the music-hall managers who afterwards engaged him to appear in public? The legitimate performers, to their eternal credit, appear to have stopped the nauseous exhibition by boycotting him, but I have sufficient faith in the inherent decency of the nation to believe that he would have been speedily hissed off the stage.



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

SAVOY THEATRE

"Arms and the Man"

How often do we long for an author to return to his earlier and better manner. This reflection strikes me sadly after witnessing the revival (too, too long delayed) of *Arms and the Man.*

One day George Bernard Shaw realised that he possessed the priceless gifts of seeing round a question and seeing through mankind. "This man is brave," said the copybook. It was revealed to Shaw that this bald statement was a lie; that no man is brave who is not also a coward, and no man is a coward who is not also brave. The knowledge has almost proved fatal to him. At first he kept a curb upon this knowledge and wrote a masterpiece, *Arms and the Man.* If any playgoer deliberately throws aside an opportunity of seeing this play, let him lament a thousand evenings misspent at the theatre, and I will not console him. Comedy, like everything else, must be kept within bounds. In this delectable play we see Shaw master of his genius. It has been our misfortune to see Shaw's genius master of him. But perhaps he will renew his youth.

"What am I," asks the dashing aristocratic Major Sergius Saranoff—"humbug, buffoon, blackguard, or coward?" In the end he finds himself. So does another pretender and self-deceiver, the beautiful and haughty Raina (Miss Lillah McCarthy). Who enables them to find themselves? Why, the common-sensical, "chocolate-cream" Swiss soldier, Captain Bluntschili (Mr. Robert Lorraine). He is a tremendous humorist, and can speak in terms of reason even of that revered individual the soldier, and of that most sacred institution the Army. Incredible as it may seem, some of the critics and some of the populace regarded *Arms and the Man*, when first produced, as an attack upon militarism. Dullards! It was and is the cream of comedy. The acting in this revival is superb. Mr. Robert Lorraine, Miss Lillah McCarthy, and Mr. Granville Barker are worth waiting hours to see. There is a sure touch about their performances, especially about Miss McCarthy's. She grasped and understands the part. I have seen her floundering piteously in Shaw's later works. For Heaven's sake let Shaw put the clock back!

ADELPHI THEATRE

"Aladdin"

Last week I was unable to include the notice of Mr. Robert Arthur's pantomime, "written with a thought for the little ones" and produced with unmistakable success at the Adelphi Theatre. This deferred notice is no sign of depreciation. Rather does it spring from the practice of keeping the best things for the end. *Aladdin*, like its two friendly rivals, *The Babes in the Wood* and *Robinson Crusoe*, is most excellently cast. Indeed, this year one finds oneself naturally leading off with the cast, and not, as is so general, with the production.

A clever ten minutes' sketch of Mr. George Grossmith, who has been giving Entertainments daily at the Steinway Hall

By Mr. R. G. Mathews, a Canadian artist, another example of whose work appears on page 83

Malcolm Scott as the Widow Twankey! Any votary of the lighter form of entertainment in London would smile at the very thought.

Of course, the Widow must find a great exponent in the man who has given so many amusing impersonations of ladies of an uncertain age and a highly developed sense of humour.

So much for the first gem of casting. The second is Happy Fanny Fields as Gretchen, a lady who does not figure in my editions of "Aladdin," but is a most welcome intruder. What a lively, rollicking Dutch maiden is this.

There is poetry in her awkwardness. She flings her arms about, and each apparently random gesture has a meaning; her legs about, and each stamp seems to drive home a point of humour. A very feminine bumpkin is she, but she can make you laugh as few of her sex can.

And yet more gems. You might travel as far as Aladdin's country and find no such winsome a "principal boy" as Miss Millie Legarde, who pleases as much by her acting as her singing. A pleasing singer, too, is the "principal girl," Miss Sarah Vruvell. Indeed, a remark I applied to the pantomime at Drury Lane is equally true of *Aladdin*—parts of it resemble comic opera rather than pantomime. To continue enumerating this cast of clever players. There is Mr. M. R. Morand, an actor with a perfect genius for burlesque, who might have more to do. Do you remember Mr. Morand's first hit in London? A single speech made his name. It was in *The Princess of Kensington*. He played a stolid policeman who was suddenly turned by the Puck of the play into a poet, a man of soul and ardent imaginings. The working of the spell produced an outburst of rhetoric from the policeman and an outburst of hysteria from the audience. They laughed and laughed, and grew weak and tearful with laughter. Part of the speech was drowned in gales of laughter. The audience, reduced to helplessness, prayed to be exorcised from the demon of laughter.

But to the pantomime. It is all that Mr. Arthur claims for it. I will add a rider to his claim. It has been written with a thought for grown-ups as well as little ones. As Jack, the juvenile critic, writes in the *Referee* of the Drury Lane pantomime: "I know jolly well that grown-up people would not take us to the pantomime if they did not think they were going to enjoy it."

E. C. S.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Yet Another Cinderella: Miss Iris Hoey

Who is playing the part at the Court Theatre, Liverpool

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Daisy Wood

Who appears for the second time in the pantomime at the Crown Theatre, Peckham, this year as "principal girl"

THE COLISEUM

Judging from the crowded audiences I have seen assembled at the Coliseum since its reopening, Mr. Oswald Stoll's new venture should prove an enormous success. And well it may, for the prices of admission are absurdly low, a box costing half a guinea, a fauteuil 2*s.* 6*d.*, the other parts being proportionately cheap, while the three hours' entertainment provided is of the highest quality. Since the Coliseum reopened, a month ago, many well-known names have figured in the bills. During the first week Mr. Albert Chevalier never failed to bring down the house with his inimitable character impersonations. Others who have appeared are Tom Hearne, Miss Annie Purcell, Miss Kate Cutler and Co., Charles T. Aldrich, and Hayden Coffin. A novel turn was that of the twelve Fezzans, who are quite the most wonderful acrobats it has been my lot to see.

LONDON HIPPODROME

Mr. Frank Parker has produced a pretty little fairy play, entitled *Honeyland*, for the holiday attraction at the Hippodrome. We are taken to the home of the Fairy Bees, and shown most wonderful sights. We are introduced to Little Tom Horner, Miss Muffet, and her famous spider, which disports itself upon a gigantic web. Water Nymphs appear mysteriously from the depths of a fairy pool, and as mysteriously disappear again, leaving no trace of their coming save for a few bubbles that float to the surface. Winged fairies fly out over the arena. Giant bees, drones, hornets, wasps, glow-worms, and insects of all sorts are seen at their various duties. Altogether it is an admirable play for children, and will cause them endless delight. As Prince Charming, Miss Lelia Roze sings with great effect, as does Miss Maude Terry, who plays Princess Fair One with the Golden Locks. For the comic element, the management depend upon Mr. W. Fullbrook, as the Queen of Honeyland, and Messrs. Jack Boston and Gus Oxley, whose efforts are crowned with success, although the political allusions fall rather flat, and might easily be dispensed with in a piece such as this.

THE FUN CITY AT OLYMPIA

The Mammoth Fun City, which was opened to the public on Christmas Eve, is an enjoyable place in which to spend an evening. There is an endless round of amusements to be done and numberless sights to be seen; among the latter are the Touareg, the Morocco Village, the turretted Katzenjammer Castle, the German Giant Submarine, and the Lighthouse. Beketow's famous Russian Circus is to be seen free of charge, and should not be missed. Then there are the wild beasts, the racing camels, and a host of other attractions. On Boxing Day 75,357 persons visited Olympia!

KINGSWAY THEATRE

Miss Lena Ashwell, who has made such a phenomenal success with *Irene Wycherley* at the Kingsway Theatre, has secured a play by the author of *The Prayer of the Sword*, Mr. T. B. Fagan. The play is in three acts, and the title *Greater Love*.

ROYALTY THEATRE

An event which is looked forward to with keen interest by playgoers is the opening of the Royalty Theatre by Mr. Norman Roe, which will take place shortly. Miss Gertrude Kingston, I learn, will be his stage director, and his opening play, *Susannah and Some Others*, a comedy in four acts by Mme. Albanesi. For the moment, *Charley's Aunt* occupies the Royalty.

R. M.

For Grown-Ups as Well as Growing-Ups

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S SUCCESSFUL PANTOMIME, "ALADDIN," AT THE ADELPHI

DRAWN BY NORMAN MORROW

Ready for the Riviera Season

SOME TAKING VILLAS WAITING TO BE TAKEN

The Olive Grove of the Villa La Coualo, Hyères

Hyères is as popular as ever with English visitors to the Riviera, and there are few properties to be let or sold for the season, a notable exception being, however, the charming villa, La Coualo. Many improvements have been carried out in the district for the benefit of residents, not the least important being the addition of several holes to the Costebelle golf course. The pinaster, eucalyptus, and olive-covered slopes make this district an ideal one at this season

Villa Clementine, Cannes

Where the present Princess of Wales stayed after the death of the Duke of Clarence

La Coualo, Hyeres

Mr. D'Este East's beautiful villa, which is awaiting a purchaser

Two Attractive San Remo Properties: Villa Pregny and Villa des Terrasses

Despite all the attractions offered further afield, the popularity of the Riviera shows few signs of abating, and even those people who perhaps for one season have been tempted to forsake it are now returning to their old love. The beautiful properties shown are all now in the market, and it is probable that the English agents, Messrs. Harrods, will have no great difficulty in finding tenants or purchasers among those wishing to spend the season in the incomparable Riviera

CONTINENTAL CHAT

The Festive Season Abroad

Compared with 1906, the Christmas and New Year festivities have, this year, been a great success. On account of the Clerical crisis, midnight Mass was suppressed last year, and many good Catholics stayed in Paris to mourn over the misfortunes of their beloved Church. This Christmas, Mass was again celebrated at all the principal churches; there was, however, none of the social element which formerly made it such an event in the Paris world of fashion. To compensate for the flagging interest in this midnight Mass, an attempt was made to give particularly brilliant *réveillons*, at which most of the big hotels and restaurants were fairly successful. At the Hotel Ritz, the *coup d'œil* was charming. Americans, whom the financial crisis has prevented from going South this year, were there in large numbers, and, in spite of their misfortunes, were more elegant than ever.

The supper-tables were crowded, and, besides important French people, there were many English and foreign visitors. Both the Prince of Braganza and Prince Charles of Bourbon were there; also the Duc d'Albe, Baronne de Forest, Lady Anglesey, Sir Charles and Lady Rivers Wilson, Duc and Duchesse de Morny, Count Mensdorff, the Greek Minister in London, Prince Orloff, Prince Hohenlohe, and many others. Yet I have never attended a ceremony where youth was so conspicuous by its absence. There was not a woman there who would allow herself to be called old, nor was there any one could allow oneself to call young.

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King Alfonso to Cross the Atlantic

I do not know who is responsible for the brilliant idea of a visit by the King of Spain to Spanish America. It seems to have been conceived at Madrid, and has possibly been thrown out as a feeler. But brilliant it is. At the same time, what could be more natural than that the King of the Motherland should visit the greater Spain which is so rapidly growing in power and influence in the world's doings? The eloquence and ability of the representatives from South America surprised their colleagues at the Hague Conference. It is not generally known, however, that every Spanish man of letters and every Spanish painter counts on the sale of his work a great deal more in South America than in Spain itself. Perez Galdos, a native of Madeira, sells in South America half a dozen copies of every book he writes to every one he sells in Spain. He is the most popular of Spanish writers, the "Spanish Dickens" as he is sometimes called on the other side of the Atlantic. The intellectual attachment to the old country has grown greater and greater, and, at present, the political feeling against it has almost died away. South Americans tell me King Alfonso would have a right Royal welcome if he crossed the ocean to visit the lost tribes of his people. Several times in speeches the King of Spain has said how proud the Mother Country is of her prosperous children, and she can understand now that the ties of kinship will remain strong through every crisis.

Is it the First Step Towards an International Postage Stamp?

The new "International Reply Coupon," which entitles the receiver to a 2½*d.* stamp in any country. (Foreigners corresponding with Scotsmen will find it quite worth while to enclose one)

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An X-mas Experiment

The Queen of Spain has again made an unsuccessful attempt to introduce an English Christmas into the Spanish Court. In Spain, as in other Latin countries, Christmas is essentially a grown-up people's festivity. Except for celebrating the eve with the customary Roman Catholic ritual, taking a half-holiday on the 25th, and attending special Masses till New Year's Day, Christmas would pass almost unobserved. The Spaniards have laughed to scorn the idea of "Christmas trees and plum-puddings," in which they find no excitement. They can never quite understand why the English, in many things so sensible, can attach so much importance to such childish amusements. It is extraordinary, knowing the Spanish temperament, that Queen Victoria should still persist in her experiment.

P. and O. Tours

The P. and O. Company announce a world tour for winter and spring, *vid* Egypt, India, Japan, and North America, and five cruises by the *Vectis* have been arranged, the first, to the Canary Islands and Algiers, beginning at Marseilles on January 25.

(*By a French Critic*)

MADAME SARAH IN HER NEW PLAY, "LA BELLE AU BOIS DORMANT"

"Lorsque Mme. Sarah Bernhardt vint au monde," disait l'autre jour le délicieux poète des *Bouffons*, "cinq fées surgirent et entourèrent son berceau."

La première dit :

"Je te donne la beauté."

"Je te donne la grâce," dit la seconde.

"Moi le charme," dit la troisième.

"Je t'accorde l'intelligence et le goût," ajouta la quatrième.

"Moi je te fais cadeau du génie dramatique," dit la cinquième.

Et toutes les cinq ensemble, aurait dû ajouter le poète historien, effleurèrent de leurs mains diaphanes et blanches comme l'ivoire, les boucles légères et blondes du bébé rose, et lui donnèrent le don suprême, sans lequel les autres n'ont qu'une valeur passagère : l'Eternelle Jeunesse.

La petite Sarah devint la plus grande artiste de son siècle ; cela était tout naturel puisque les Fées, ses marraines, l'avaient ainsi décrété. Non moins naturellement la filleule des Fées voua un culte passionné à ses divines bienfaitrices. Aussi est-ce avec un enthousiasme sans bornes qu'elle mit tout son cœur, toute son âme, toute son intelligence, tout son art, et sa jeunesse éternelle, au service du magicien-poète Jean Richepin et de son bon camarade Henri Cain, lorsqu'ils conçurent le projet audacieux d'évoquer les Fées Immortelles, et de célébrer leur puissance.

C'est ainsi que "La Belle au Bois Dormant" vit le feu de la rampe et fit la conquête de Paris, capitale du royaume des Fées depuis le bon Perrault ; après un exil aussi injuste qu'incompréhensible, les Fées y rentrèrent triomphantes, guidées par leur chère princesse Sarah.

Je n'ai pas la prétention de vous conter ici l'histoire merveilleuse de la Belle au Bois Dormant. Il me faudrait pour cela parler la langue des Fées, et je ne suis hélas ! qu'un humble terrien. Qu'il vous suffise donc de savoir que Sarah revêt le costume seyant d'un jeune et doux poète, Landry, dont la jolie princesse tombe amoureuse la première fois qu'elle le rencontre—c'est à dire la première fois qu'elle sort du splendide palais où la gardent jalousement le roi et la reine ses parents. Mais a peine a-t-elle admiré le doux poète Landry, qu'elle meurt, blessée par un méchant fuseau, mis là tout exprès par les mauvais génies pour que se réalise la prédiction de la vilaine Fée Carabosse.

Une des bonnes Fées survient qui transforme la mort de la jolie princesse en un long sommeil de cent années. Un siécle s'écoule. Landry revenu sur cette terre en la personne d'un prince élégant, beau, jeune—avec qu'elle grâce Sarah porte le travesti !—arrive d'exploits en exploits, au château de la Belle au Bois Dormant. Un baiser du Prince Landry réveille la Belle de son profond sommeil, et le Palais enchanté sort de sa torpeur dès que l'Amour, en son vol léger, l'effleure d'un premier battement d'ailes.

Vous parlerai-je des ravissants décors qui font vivre devant nos yeux le royaume irréel et pourtant plus vrai que la vérité, des Fées charmantes du pays des Contes Bleus ? Tenterai-je de vous décrire ce spectacle éblouissant, et pourtant jamais trop éclatant, où le bon goût et le sens artistique inspirent seuls la fantaisie la plus délicate ? Ce serait folie de ma part. Aussi me contenterai-je de formuler ce souhait : puissiez-vous aller bientôt à Paris, ami lecteur, pour y contempler la plus jolie Féérie de Noël qui ait jamais été offerte par une étoile divine aux parisiens, grands et petits.

C'est ce que peut désirer de plus heureux pour vous, un sincère adorateur des Fées et de leur filleule : Sarah Bernhardt.

JOSEPH COUDURIER.

One of the Great Living Poets of France : M. Jean Richepin, in whose successful fantasy, "La Belle au Bois Dormant," Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is now playing

The Great Actress in a Fairy Play by Richepin

"SARAH'S" NEW RÔLE

Photo *Manuel*

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt as Landry in "La Belle au Bois Dormant," just produced in Paris

This charming and picturesque fantasy is the first play produced in Paris for many years in which appear the little people of the woods and fields—the fairies—such familiar and welcome figures on the boards during the Christmas season in this country. The play is by M. Richepin and M. Henri Cain—no relation, by the way, of *our* Hall of that ilk

AN HISTORIC PICTURE?

The U.S. Armada Saluting P

Photos

THE FLEET LEAVING HAMPTON ROADS (FORTRESS MOURSE IN THE FOREGROUND), HAVIN ON BOARD THE "MAYFLOWER"

A picturesque and suggestive scene was the visit of the American Armada of sixteen battleships to President Roosevelt prior to departing on its great voyage to the West, of 13,700 miles, *viâ* Cape Horn. Twenty-one guns were fired in honour of the Chief of the State, who received the officers, and bade them God-speed, on board the *Mayflower*. Who is sufficiently daring to prophesy that the above will not, one day, be regarded as an historic photograph? Te without thinking of other Ar the Russian of 1905, both of than the American Armada o

esident Roosevelt on its Momentous Way West

Topical Agency

NG JUST SALUTED PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

mind cannot contemplate the picture of this Armada adas of history, particularly the Spanish one of 1588, and which started on their cruises no less proud and confident 1907-8.

Watching his Armada Pass

Mr. Roosevelt—with a Napoleonic expression—gazing at the approaching fleet from the deck of the *Mayflower*. Is he speculating on the fortunes of the fleet which he has called into being and despatched so boldly to the other side of the planet? Possibly. Or is he thinking about bears (in Wall Street and other rock-localities)?

Where the U.S. Armada Tarries

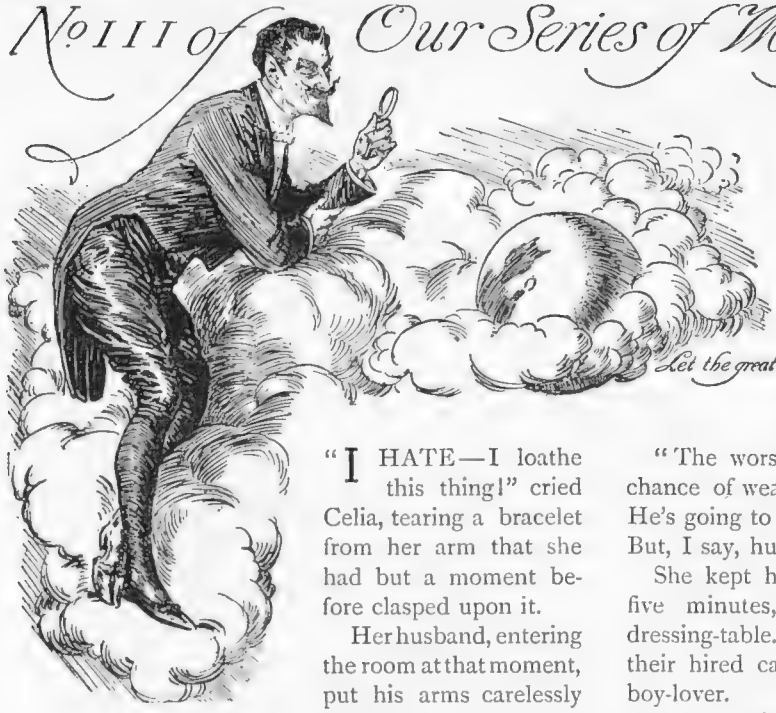
RIO: BRAZIL'S BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED CAPITAL

Photo *E.N.A.*

A View of the City and its Magnificent Harbour

Rio de Janeiro, one of the first of the resting-places of the Westward-bound American fleet, is the capital of the United States of Brazil. It stretches for ten miles along the shore of an inlet of the Atlantic. It is, in population, nearly as large as Liverpool, is the chief seaport of the Republic, and an exceedingly wealthy and thriving city. The mountains which sprawl so picturesquely to the left of the picture form an effective shelter to the city in winter, but in summer cause it to be intensely hot and unhealthy

No. III of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



The Kiss

By MRS. GAY

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

"I HATE—I loathe this thing!" cried Celia, tearing a bracelet from her arm that she had but a moment before clasped upon it.

Her husband, entering the room at that moment, put his arms carelessly around her; a whimsical smile crossed his lips.

"I tell you I loathe it—and there's something uncanny about it!"

She threw the bracelet down angrily. Her husband picked it up.

"Don't be a little goose!" he said, proceeding to examine the ornament minutely, whilst his wife continued to give her toilet a few finishing touches preparatory to setting forth with him to a dinner-party.

"The most valuable wedding present given us—by a long way! It's a genuine antique! Didn't Worthing tell you yesterday that this little medallion is almost priceless? He declares it oughtn't to be knocking about with your other things—but locked up safely in the bank or somewhere."

"I wish to goodness it were in the bank, or anywhere out of my sight. I tell you again it's uncanny—and he sent it as a message to me. Mr. Worthing made out those old letters round the medallion; they are in a dead language—a dead *patois*, he said—and they mean the word 'Revenge!'"

"They do, do they?" laughed the husband, his handsome face full of mirth. "Shows the kid, doesn't it, to talk like that? They always swear life-long vengeance! What d'you mean by breaking hearts in this way? And these two things, twined together, mean Love and Hate, don't they?"

"The symbols of our crest, you know, and our motto, 'l'Amour et la Haine.'"

"I hope he'll play fair and not include me in his designs, for I hadn't a notion I was poaching on his preserves! Puts me in mind of the old song, when I was a youngster. Do you remember it?" He began to sing:

> I'll hang up my harp on a willow-tree,
> I'm off to the wars again;
> The lady I love will soon be a bride,
> With a diadem on her brow.
> Oh, had I but loved with a boyish love
> It would have been better for me——"

His wife interrupted him.

"Oh, don't," she said, pettishly.

"The worst of it is, you had a jolly sight more chance of wearing diadems with him than with me! He's going to have pots of money one of these days. But, I say, hurry up or we'll be late."

She kept her husband waiting downstairs a good five minutes, while she stood pondering at her dressing-table. Afterwards, as she sat by his side in their hired carriage, her thoughts went back to her boy-lover.

In the six months that she had been Lady Matravers, wife of an impoverished baronet, Celia had learnt the value of money. She had made the bitter discovery that the things she loved most in the world must, for want of it, be denied to her—all those things she might have had as the wife of the eighteen-year-old Alfred de Constances, her second cousin, once removed. That night, as she locked away her jewels, she took out a half sheet of paper that had lain carelessly among them since the day she had received his wedding present.

She opened it impatiently, and read:—

"I send you this old bracelet, because on it is our motto—Love and Hate. I ask myself often whether it is Love or Hatred that now binds me to you; and I would remind you that, as a rule, our family are the best lovers and the worst haters in the world!

"The gift bears a message to you, but that message I will leave you to find out for yourself; nor will I trouble you with any vain attempt to tell you how much I loved, or shall I say love, you? I am only a boy, as you told me scornfully (somehow I did not feel the scorn) when last we met; but I loved you with the love of a man. It seemed to me the old idea of twin-souls was true in our case; we, who were in a measure of the same blood, were of the same spirit also—and marriage would be a complete communion between us. All that is over: you have violated the most sacred vows; you have made my heaven a hell; and again I ask myself, is it Love or is it Hate?"

She tore it up impatiently.

"Stuff!" she said to herself. "A silly, romantic boy!"

She wondered a little, as she tried to sleep, when and where she would meet him again.

She did not see him again until fourteen years had passed away, when she found herself seated by his side at a luncheon-party.

"I am glad," he said, after a short silence, following their first words of greeting, "that we find ourselves side by side at our first meeting, after all these years."

(All rights strictly reserved)

Does he mean to go back to the past, she wondered. Not surely to attempt the lover's part—his smiling, icy manner had nothing lover-like about it. She gave him a sweeping glance, and, by an effort of memory, called up the vision of the passionate youth of fourteen years ago.

"You are changed!" she said, involuntarily.

"Naturally, my dear lady. Fourteen years change most of us. You are changed, also. I won't make pretty speeches, but I do not find you are changed for the worse. You are rather prettier than you used to be, Celia!"

For the first time she saw his full face. The eyes, when they gazed into hers, called up past memories—indeed, they seemed strangely familiar. They, like his skin, were peculiarly colourless—a light, cold grey; but in the old days they could grow soft and dark with passion. He was not a handsome man; but there was about him what many women prefer to good looks: a certain faultlessness of pose and bearing, a masculine grace and strength; his voice was light and fluent as quicksilver.

The idea presented itself to Celia that it would not be altogether unpleasant to enter upon a flirtation with him. Accordingly, she willingly withdrew with him to a secluded corner when the party settled down for an afternoon's bridge to the accompaniment of coffee and cigars.

De Constances looked round the room with a smile. The house in which he and his cousin were guests was notorious for high play and fast living. His eyes rested on Lady Matravers as she selected a cigarette.

"I don't think in the olden days I could ever have believed you could desecrate those lips by tobacco," he said.

"Was I a very proper little person?" she asked, carelessly.

"I want to talk to you of those old times," he continued. "I was so much in love with you, Celia—what about that last letter I wrote you, did you keep it?"

"I'm afraid I tore it up!" she returned, with a laugh.

"And the bracelet, with its dire message of vengeance—what about that? You kept that, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes—I kept that."

"And you wear it sometimes, I hope?"

"No, not often—that is, hardly ever. You see, it is very valuable, and the clasp is rather weak."

"Ah, but you will wear it sometimes for my sake! Come, put it on to-night."

"I'm afraid I couldn't; I haven't it with me."

"You left it at home?"

"No, not at home; it is so valuable, you see. I keep it in the bank with some old family plate."

"Ah! that reminds me, I have a present for you—not a wedding present this time." He smiled. Celia had noticed that he had been smiling for some minutes—a smile as cold as his cold, grey eyes. "I knew you were coming, so I brought it with me. Indeed, I have it with me at this minute. May I give it you?"

From an inner pocket he took a little parcel and handed it to her.

"Well, this is kind," she said, with real pleasure. She unrolled the soft paper from a small case and opened it eagerly. With a cry of wrath and confusion, she let the contents fall to the ground.

De Constances stooped, picked from the ground, and laid on her lap, his gift of fourteen years ago—the bracelet, with its ancient medallion and its old-time language.

She was so angry, so confused, and mortified that she could not speak. She retreated further into the great cushioned sofa on which they sat and tried to screen her face. Tears of mortification were in her eyes.

"You are indeed changed," he remarked, in his suave tones. "You smoke and you lie! Perhaps you had the lying habit in olden days; but I don't think you could fib so easily and prettily as you can now."

"When did you get it," she gasped, looking at the bracelet in her lap.

"Only a few days ago. The idea of giving it you again only occurred to me when I heard you were coming here. But I think I might ask when did you sell it, and, indeed, why did you sell it?"

"Well, then, I'll tell you why," she said, impulsively, still flushed with anger. "Because I wanted the money; because I am poor, and the price I got for it gave me a good many things that I could not possibly have had otherwise."

For a moment something like surprise and pity passed over his cold, smiling face; but he answered in the same tone as before.

"I am glad my little gift has been of such service to you, but if you want to get rid of it again sell it to me—I'll give you a better price than the old Shylock you went to!"

Her fingers closed on the bracelet.

"Do you mean really to give it to me again?" she asked.

"I do," he returned, contemptuously; then, gazing straight into her eyes: "Do you mean, really, to accept it?"

She placed the bracelet again in its case, and laid it down on the sofa beside her. She was about to reply when a little girl of about thirteen years of age entered the room and approached her.

"My dear Olive!" cried Lady Matravers, "how on earth did you get here; how ever dared you come in?"

"You promised to come to the school and take me out to-day," answered the girl. "You forgot all about me, I suppose; so I took the train and came here to fetch you."

The child had the same pale face and light grey eyes as the man sitting beside her mother. The likeness between them was extraordinary — so extraordinary that people in the room came up to comment on it.

"It is the case of the old stock reproducing itself in us both," said de Constances, looking at the young face so curiously like his own. "Come here, little cousin, and make friends."

But the girl drew herself away with a gesture as cold and self-possessed as his own.

"No, thank you! I can see we resemble each other, because I look at my face every day in the glass. But I never have liked my own face, and I don't like yours any better!"

(*Continued on page 84*)

The Kiss

A REMARKABLE SKETCH BY A CANADIAN IMPRESSIONIST

BY R. G. MATHEWS

In few points have artists more signally failed than in the depiction of a kiss—an act surrounded by so many and so varied emotions that the reproduction thereof on paper or canvas seems a well-nigh impossible task. Where most have failed, however, a Canadian impressionist artist, Mr. R. G. Mathews, has been singularly successful. Mr. Mathews's work is at present practically unknown in this country. He studied Art in New York, and has for some years been a member of the artist staff of the *Montreal Star*. Few well-known personages have passed through Montreal during the last fifteen years whom he has not sketched for that paper, but his reputation in Canada is mainly based on his private work, for he has been eminently successful in his pastelle portraits. There will be published in THE BYSTANDER, from time to time, several of Mr. Mathews's impressions of famous people

(Continued from page 82)

De Constances laughed. Afterwards he said to Celia:

"Look after that girl of yours, or she'll give you trouble before she's out of her teens. She's like me in more ways than one. Like me, she'll ripen early."

He was right. Womanhood, and its accompanying knowledge, came quickly upon the child—the knowledge that led her to hate and fear the intimacy growing stronger each year between her mother and Alfred de Constances, an intimacy that was scarcely noticed by her careless and easy-going father.

The dislike the girl had shown to de Constances on their first meeting grew into an overmastering passion; there was an avowed hostility on her part towards him. She scarcely ever spoke to him; their hands never met.

"L'Amour et la Haine," he would say, laughing. "My dear cousin much removed, when will you change one for the other?"

But she never responded to his banter. She had the pure gravity to which only youth can attain; to her Love and Hate were solemn, almost sacred, things.

"How strange it is that Youth should be so terribly in earnest," said de Constances, one day, as he lounged in Celia's boudoir; "so prone to take an exalted outlook. It is only at our age, Celia, that the real trifling begins, and we get off our pedestals and laugh at them. Ah, well, if you hadn't got off your pedestal long ago, you would have no use for me!"

He turned slightly in his lounging attitude, and, plunging his hand in his pocket, brought out a handful of gold. Carelessly he arranged the gold pieces on the palm of his left hand, then looked at her steadfastly.

"Do you ever count the cost?" he asked.

Her head dropped; she made no reply.

He began to count the pieces.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven! It doesn't go far in these driblets! If only you were not too cautious to accept cheques, it would be easier to finance you!"

Again she made no reply; again he counted the sovereigns.

He leaned on his elbow, one hand supporting his chin; with the other he held out the gold, carelessly, towards her.

"Once more, I ask you, Celia, do you ever count the cost? Am I always to be the giver? The years go by, and the gold passes from my hand to yours"—he tossed the coins in the air and caught them again—"and I ask nothing in return—nothing! The years pass, and I do not ask even a hand-clasp oftener than a mere acquaintance might! But," again he tossed the gold and caught it—one of the coins fell upon the ground—"do you think this will go on for ever, Celia? Shall I not have my reward?"

She raised her head from its drooping position.

"Your *reward!*" she exclaimed. "Why, you have that reward daily. You delight to humiliate me! You are a monster—a fiend! I tell you, you have your reward!"

He continued to play with the coins.

"You are wrong," he said, suavely. "All this you speak of is but the interest—I shall yet claim the capital!"

The quickened rise and fall of her bosom increased the facets of light glittering from a diamond-framed miniature at her bosom.

Again one of the sovereigns fell from his hand; this time he stooped and picked it up, and, in so doing, did not hear the opening and closing of the door.

He poured the sovereigns from his hand into her lap.

"A handful of gold," he exclaimed, "the price of some cob-web scarf. And so you women sell yourselves——"

A fierce hand swept the gold from the silken lap to the floor, and Olive's pale, passionate eyes looked into his.

"I hate you," she cried, helpless and filled with wrath. "From the first moment I saw you I have hated you!"

"And I," said the man, with a curious inflection in his voice, "hated you before I saw you! Hated you from the moment I heard of your birth."

He bowed to her.

Olive turned and threw herself on her knees beside her mother; she wound her arms round Celia's waist. She turned her head towards de Constances.

"I hate you, and I love her!" she sobbed. "And I will save her from you!"

"The old companions of our race," he said, smiling, "Love and Hate."

"You are a monster, a fiend!" cried the girl, as her mother had cried a few minutes before. But at the daughter's words a faint tinge of red showed itself on the man's dull skin.

"Is it Love, is it Hate?" he said, rising and coming close to her. "There is some strain in us, something wilder and fiercer than our old Huguenot blood, that marks us out for wilder and fiercer passions than fall to the lot of most! Though we both hate, we both know how to love!"

His face changed. The glitter left the pale eyes; they grew dark and tender.

At length Celia spoke.

"Olive!" she said, "don't be a foolish child. What nonsense it is to make all this fuss and commotion over the payment of a little debt at bridge."

De Constances sat down and laughed.

"Trust you, fair lady," he said, "to deal any passion its death-blow. We stand committed for two fools, Olive. Take unto yourself the mammon of unrighteousness, my girl, while you are yet young, and learn this lesson well. Honour and all such fine-sounding words are mere empty titles on which we feed our aspirations in our youth, and with which we trifle when we are older. Women may sell themselves body and soul, and yet, by a sound philosophy, reason out the equity of it all as they would the justice of paying a penny for a bath-bun!"

He rose from his seat. He approached Olive and held out his hand as though he would have touched her. She sprang from his touch. It was part of her avowed enmity towards him that she had never allowed him even to touch her hand.

"You are the reward I have promised myself," he said, in a low tone. "You shall be the price of that empty thing which your mother still loves to

(Continued on page 86)

As Bronco Buster

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

The latest photograph of Mr. Lewis Waller, in the rôle he is assuming in "The White Man," to be produced at the Lyric Theatre on Saturday

(*Continued from page 84*)

hold up and make believe in before the world—her honour!"

Again he put out his hand, and again she shrank from it.

"My God!" she cried, with all the exaggerated horror of youth. "I think if you touched me I should die!"

"You are a brute!" said Celia.

"Ay, and I woo as a brute. For when I first formed this idea of mine, I did not know what I do now—that it is love, not hate, I feel towards this girl."

A wave of crimson rushed over his face. Again the dark, tender change came into his eyes.

"And now," he said, "for the first time since I formed this design, I falter in my purpose."

He left the room. Upon the next day he found means to see Olive alone.

"I love you, and I mean to woo you," he said, "but I will not sail under false colours. You shall know what a cad and a ruffian I have been all these years. I had a hundred proofs by which I could have compromised your mother, and some villainous instinct gave me delight in torturing her, and in dreaming some day of torturing you!"

She trembled violently. She was conscious that her fear of the man was out of all proportion, but she was powerless to control it. She looked for means of escape—there was none.

"Love and Hate," murmured the strong voice, now ineffably tender. "For years I have been dominated by Hate. The change came so quickly—it was a strange, a wonderful experience. And when my evil master-passion passed from my life, or rather merged into Love, at its passing it left its strength behind it—so that my love for you has a double power and strength!"

He drew very near to her. She was speechless with apprehension—the thing which she had dreaded and shunned ever since she had first seen him was about to happen! He was about to touch her! He was so near that the air, the sunlight, were shut away from her.

"Are you sure, are you quite sure, that you do not mistake one for the other—that it is hate, not love, that you feel towards me? Are you sure?"

"So sure!' she cried, "I tell you again, as I told you yesterday, that I hate you so unspeakably, I have always felt at your touch I shall die!'

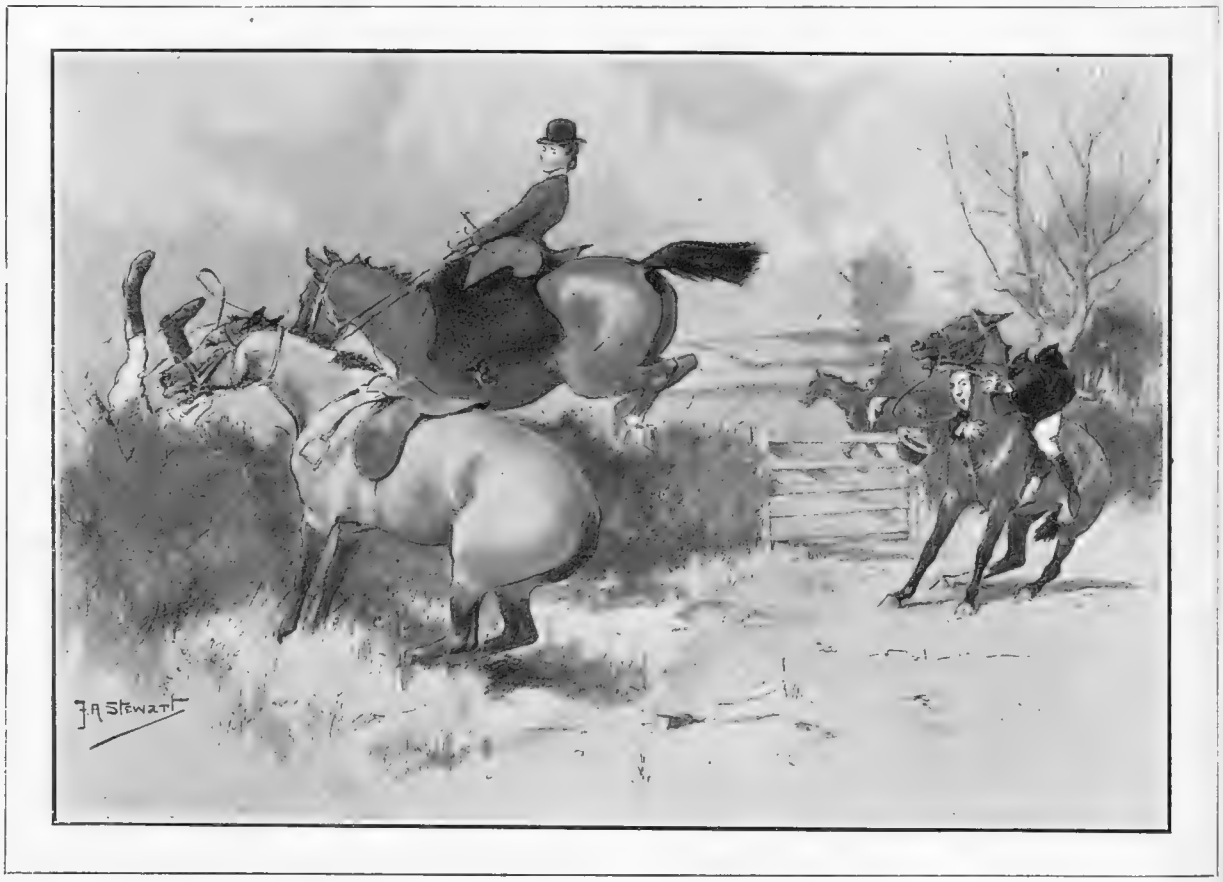
His hands clasped hers. The girl gave a piteous little cry. Her limbs trembled beneath her.

His lips pressed hers. She ceased to breathe.

In truth something within her died. She seemed bereft of her own individuality—a mere atom in Nature's great scheme of cause and effect. And, as his lips touched hers, Nature at their fusion opened another channel to her.

"Is it Love, is it Hate?" asked the man.

"It is Love," she breathed, "my partner—my beloved!"



Love in the Hunting Field

Jonus (*the discomfited, just after his rival seems to have triumphed*): "Thank Heaven! I thought he was going to take it"

By F. A. Stewart

A Famous Saint and Royal Penitent

LOUIS XI.:

Ici la haine expire!
Un roi devient clément, mon père, à vos genoux;
Et sous la croix du Dieu qui s'immola pour nous,
Quel pardon peut coûter après son sacrifice.

FRANÇOIS DE PAULE:

C'est Dieu seul, mon enfant, qu'on implore à genoux
Moi, je ne suis qu'un homme, et mortel comme vous.
Rois, c'est votre devoir, et prêtres, nous le sommes;
Non pas pour divider, mais pour unir les hommes
Par le double serment que mes mains vont bénir
De la bouche et du cœur, venez donc vous unir.
Des pactes d'ici bas, les arbitres suprêmes
En trahissant leur foi, se trahissant eux-mêmes,
Et dans le BYSTANDER, au Jour du Jugement
Ils liront leur parjure écrit sous leur serment.

[From Casimir Delavigne's tragedy, *Louis XI.*, Act III., Scene X. (adapted)]

This clever re-enactment—and adaptation—of a famous scene in Casimir Delavigne's tragedy, *Louis XI.*, took place at the Paris residence of M. Mors, the world-famous motor manufacturer, who himself appears as St. François de Paule. The posing and setting of the picture is remarkably realistic, the original scene between King Louis XI. of France and the Saint having taken place at the Château de Plessis between 1480 and 1483. Sent by Mr. A. MASKELL, Beckley End, Great Bookham

By Field, Stream & Covert.

One Half of the Season Gone

Now that we are well in the month of January, the second half of the hunting season may be said to have got under way. At this moment a natural question is, What have been the general results of the first half? Well, it is not easy to say, for sport has been decidedly patchy. In the Midlands, for example, followers of the Quorn and Cottesmore will tell you that they have not been overwhelmed by good sport, in spite of all the anxiety and unsparing efforts of Captain Frank Forester and the Earl of Lonsdale and the skill and resource of their capable huntsmen. In Top Leicestershire, on the other hand, there are endless praises for Mr. Fernie's Hounds, who have certainly distinguished themselves in a very remarkable way. In the Pytchley country it was not such a notable "first half" as in 1906, but in the Grafton country it was much better. And so the reports from different districts go on varying; but it seems tolerably clear that outside of the Midlands, notably in the South-Western counties and in Yorkshire, there was not much to complain of in the sport enjoyed during November and December. It is also certain that the country, taken generally, never rode deeper throughout the initial half of the season. Nor were fences ever blinder so far in the season, nor ditches more choked, nor coverts so thick with undergrowth. It was not an ideal two months from the riding standpoint, but the frost which followed Christmas has cleared the country most effectively, and there ought to be no more complaints on the score of "blindness" during the remainder of the season.

The Lady M.F.H. in Wales

A keen and eminently practical lady Master of Foxhounds is Mrs. T. H. R. Hughes, who, on the death of her husband in September, 1902, took his place in the command of the Neuadd-fawr Hounds, a private pack hunting a bank country in Carmarthenshire and Cardiganshire. She is a fine horsewoman, and holds her own in the longest and fastest runs. And they get big gallops in this part of the world and no mistake. Last season, for example, there was an extraordinary hunt, in which a seventeen-mile point was made, and it was fully twenty-seven miles as hounds ran, and they killed their fox in the end. Then, on another occasion last year, they ran a twelve-mile point, and pulled the quarry down on the seashore at Craig Siles after running for two and a quarter hours. So it will be seen that you must needs have plenty of pluck and a good, well-bred bank jumper under you in order to live with the Neuadd-fawr. Curiously enough, though Mrs. Hughes now goes so boldly to

The Neuadd-fawr Foxhounds at Aberayron: Hounds in Hengeraint Wood

A Welsh Lady M.F.H.

MRS. T. H. R. HUGHES AND THE NEUADD-FAWR HOUNDS

The Neuadd-fawr Hounds Meet at Aberayron: Mrs. T. H. R. Hughes, who has hunted the pack since her husband's death, four years ago

In Mrs. T. H. R. Hughes, Wales possesses an ideal M.F.H. She has hunted the Neuadd-fawr Hounds in a very practical way since the death of her husband, the late Master, in 1902. She is a fine horsewoman, and holds her own in the long and fast runs which frequently occur in the bank country of Carmarthen and Cardigan over which the pack hunts

"The Worry": The Neuadd-fawr Hounds kill their fox at Fynonwen after a good run

Sport in Surrey

the front, she never hunted in a bank country until she married and came to Wales. As a girl she hunted a little with the Oakley Hounds and Mr. Carpenter's Harriers. She believes that the pure Welsh rough-coated hound cannot be beaten for "tongue" and nose, and her smart pack of twenty couples has been mainly built up on the Welsh breed, with occasional crosses with the Duhallow and some of the best English packs.

A Legend of Hard Weather

The freezing wind that came in on Boxing Day worked its wicked way, and for the moment the country was iron-bound. It will be remembered that a similar visitation began last year just at the same time, when a tale was told of a well-known and most enthusiastic fox-hunter who

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A Popular Boxing Day Meet: The Surrey Union Hounds going to covert at Burford Bridge

A vast crowd turned out to see the hounds at this picturesque meet. Subsequent sport was not very good, as foxes were quite unenterprising, and refused to face the open for long

ruefully inspected his idle stud. To him came his stud-groom in a great state of importance and excitement. "Sir," he exclaimed, full of the unholy joy at misfortune common to his class, "I *knew* this was coming; it's a fact—I dreamt of it, and"—he concluded impressively—"it's coming harder, sir, *for I dreamt it lasted six weeks!*" His master removed the pipe of solace and stared at him aghast. Then he crushed this modern Joseph most unkindly, in the rude manner of the unbeliever. "Well, if you don't dream a thaw before Saturday night, I'll sack you," he snarled.

With the Grafton

Three and a half couples of the Grafton Hounds had (writes my Towcester correspondent) an extraordinary hunt "on their own" on Christmas Eve. Mr. McNeill had a by-day in the big woodlands, and, as there was a very thick fog, it was most difficult to keep with hounds or see if the whole pack were together. There was a screaming scent, and after running hard through three big woods, they crossed a fine piece of country to Whistley Wood. On arriving in that covert, the Master found he only had a few couples with him, so retraced his steps to Crown Lands, and collected most of the pack, and after another fine hunt killed a fox. It was found afterwards that three and a half couples of hounds had run straight on through Whistley Wood, and a man viewed them on the opposite side streaming along in the direction of Halse Coppice. They were again seen by a groom leaving Halse, still running hard towards Brackley Gorse. Whether they reached that covert or turned right-handed without touching it is not known, but they pulled their fox down in the open near Helmdon. They must have covered 11½ miles at least, and except for the first part, which was through the woodlands, they ran over some of the best of the Grafton Friday country, and it was a thousand pities no one was with them to enjoy it. From the way they were running each time they were viewed, I should think they must have hunted with a fleet dash, and without a check from start to finish. On Boxing day Mr. McNeill (who was again carrying the horn) gave his followers another good hunt on the Buckingham side of the country, although scent failed at the last, and the fox had to be given up. On the following day Batchelor killed three foxes.

A. W. C.

With the Enfield Chace Staghounds

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

On the Way to a Meet at Hadley Manor House: The Master, Mr. D. D. Bulger, is riding in the centre

THE LIBRARY

NOVELS OF 1907: TWELVE OF THE BEST

"The Hill of Dreams" By Arthur Machen
"The Secret Agent." By Joseph Conrad
"Furze the Cruel." By John Trevena
"The Artistic Temperament." By Jane Wardle
"The Vigil." By Harold Begbie
"A Nonconformist Parson." By Roy Horniman
"Lord of the World." By Father Hugh Benson
"Exton Manor." By Archibald Marshall
"The Fighting Chance." By R. W. Chambers
"The New Religion." By Maarten Maartens
"Three Weeks." By Elinor Glyn
"Amazement." By James Blyth

THE BEST BOOKS OF 1907

If the year 1907 cannot be said to have enriched the century's British literature by a diamond of Cullinan dimensions, it has, at all events, studded the diadem with a number of jewels of lesser radiance. Though there has been no novel which is likely to be called classic, there have been a round dozen which are likely to be called for at the Library for a good many years to come, and which I venture to give in an adjacent list.

Firstly, For Feminine Taste

I am often assured that it is feminine rather than masculine taste which decides the number of a novel's sales, and that a reviewer should bear this in mind, if he wishes accurately to forecast its vogue. Assuming this to be the case, one must ask oneself what is the feminine taste in novels? It must be admitted that, whether the feminine be intelligent or otherwise, she will prefer a story which has the relations of the sexes as its pivot. The woman of taste will, of course, like the theme treated tastefully; but in her desire to have it treated, she is as keen as her less-gifted sister. It has been my experience that the best kind of book to keep on one's shelves for the beguilement of sojourning womankind, of no matter what degree of intelligence, is a book which deals in the most downright fashion with sex relations The most highly cultured will despise it, will shudder or snort at it; but they will read it. The wise man will, therefore, if he has not already done so, patronise 1907 by securing for the lending shelves of his library the following volumes, which have the merit of dealing with the theme of sex thoroughly, vividly, and sympathetically:—

"Three Weeks." By Elinor Glyn.
"Life's Shop Window." By Victoria Cross.
"The Yoke." By Hubert Wales.
"Emancipation." By Arthur Beckett.
"Amazement." By James Blyth.

Each book has the crowning merit not merely of portraying passion, but of pitting it against the world; in each story you have that supreme favourite of feminine fiction, the woman compromised.

Sex Problems—With Side-Issues

To pass on to my next grade, the story which, while treating of sex problems, has a sufficiently generous array of side-issues to appeal to general literary taste. Of these there are—

"The Artistic Temperament." By Jane Wardle.
"London Lovers." By Mrs. Baillie-Saunders.
"The Sacrifice." By Alphonse Courlander.

Miss Wardle's novel was so witty, and so satirical of familiar phases of life and character, as to attract attention from the literary public at large. "London Lovers" was a Society novel with exactly similar qualities—wit and satirical truth. "The Sacrifice" treated of "elemental passion," and had an avowed psychological purpose, and considerable descriptive power in regard to rural scenes and types of character.

Novels of Purpose

Books which, apart from their excellence as mere novels, made serious appeal to one's mind, more particularly on problems of a religious character, were—

"The Vigil." By Harold Begbie.
"A Nonconformist Parson." By Roy Horniman.
"Lord of the World." By Father Hugh Benson.

Mr. Begbie introduced us to the tearing perplexities betwixt faith and feelings of a Church of England parson, and Mr. Horniman to those of a Nonconformist. Both were extremely sympathetic to the subject treated, and powerful in the impression left on the mind. Father Benson's novel opened to the mind the problem of the future of Religion in general and the Catholic faith in particular, in view of the growth of the Humanitarian movement, and raised a problem of deep speculative interest.

Novels With "Tendencies"

Novels likely to appeal to the observer of modern tendencies in fiction, apart from their undoubted value as studies in action and character, are—

"Exton Manor." By Archibald Marshall.
"The Fighting Chance." By Robert W. Chambers.

The former evidenced a return to the style of the mid-Victorian novelists—the leisurely, conscientious narrative of gentle rural life. "The Fighting Chance" reminded us, as in the previous year did Mr. Winston Churchill's "Coniston" and Mr. Sinclair's "The Jungle," of the vitality and originality of the new American school of novelists.

By "Accepted" Authors

Novels by accepted authors which may be said to have sufficiently pleased their old admirers without gaining for them any large number of new ones are—

"The Stooping Lady." By Maurice Hewlett.
"The Weavers." By Sir Gilbert Parker.
"Arethusa." By Marion Crawford.

Of the three, Mr. Crawford's book—a story of adventure in mediæval Constantinople — is undoubtedly the most generally attractive, if not up to the author's highest standard.

Novels of Prophecy

Lovers of Utopian and other forecasts of the future (if, apart from the H. G. Wells's clientele, there be any) will welcome

"The Marriage Lease." By Frankfort Moore
"The Child of Promise." By Netta Syrett.
"The Master Beast." By H. C. Newte.

The first-named satirised, though not very forcibly or humorously, the fortunes of an imaginary community in which terminable marriages were permitted; the second, very cleverly, those of one in which the marriage-tie was abolished altogether; and the last-named, very forcibly and even heatedly, those of a British generation dominated by Socialism.

A Political and a Medical Novel

A political novel of good qualities, which discussed real politics with some sense of actuality, and which introduced the personality of a prominent living politician, was—

"The Sweets of Office." By Violet Tweeddale.

A novel which flogged within an inch of its life one of the worst frauds of the age—the plausible London specialist and the quack foreign "cure"—was—

"The New Religion." By Maarten Maartens.

If the novel suffered in its interest to the general reader by its exhaustive cleverness and the minuteness of its medical details, it is one which, read in proper quarters, is likely to prove a memorable one.

Very Very Clever!

Another novel which must also be said to have suffered by its cleverness—though of an entirely different kind—is "The Unpardonable Sin," by Mr. James Douglas. Here the appeal of the story — centrally a delineation of the influence of sex upon the character of an Ulster Protestant cleric—was related with a wealth of verbiage and imagery which, while in themselves astonishing, had the effect of too lurid colouring on a picture, or too complex orchestration on a symphony — an effect of splendid spoliation.

Miscellaneous

Of books which must be categorised as just charming, delicate, whimsical trifles, the first place I should give to Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow's "Susan," one of the most truly pretty novels of the time. In "Bachelor Betty," Miss Winifred James gave us a pleasing sketch of an attractive type of independent modern girlhood. Mr. and Mrs. Williamson's "Botor Chaperon" had the above-mentioned qualities, plus an instructive geographical and mechanical element. "A Mother's Son," by Mr. C. B. Fry, was a fine, healthy type of story of love and sport, and their influences on a boy's career.

A Personal Selection

Lastly, a word as to personal preference. Like my colleague, "Carbine," I may reserve myself the privilege of giving a selection which, having seen them make their trial run over the "new-novel" course, I rather fancy for that of Futurity. They are—

"The Hill of Dreams." By Arthur Machen.
"The Secret Agent." By Joseph Conrad.
"Furze the Cruel." By John Trevena.

Mr. Machen's book is, I should say, from a purely literary standpoint, almost unique in the last year of grace. Its qualities are of æsthetic excellence. Curiously imagined, beautifully expressed—a word-picture of a subject eminently picturesque. "The Secret Agent," though treating of so sordid a subject as an Anarchist outrage in modern London, followed by a squalid murder in a mean street, had, nevertheless, so magnificent a method with it all, and so sardonic a sense of humour and of detail, as to place it high in the scale of modern fiction. Those who only knew Mr. Conrad by his wonderful sea-pictures found him revealed in a new and startling light as a realistic depicter of politically minded man in the heights and in the depths of public aspiration. "Furze the Cruel" was the most powerful "pastoral" of the year: treating of the life of a county (Devon) so fully and so fiercely, it aroused such a diversity of emotions as to make the perusal of it a memorable experience.

VIVIAN CARTER.

City Clerks Outdone: The highest collars in the world worn by women

One of the many remarkable illustrations in "The Heritage of Dress," by Wilfred Mark Webb. Depicted are two Padaung women wearing metal collars. "The women," writes Mr. Webb, "put metal collars round their necks when they are young children till these number between twenty and thirty, and the necks of the wearers are stretched out in the most grotesque and uncomfortable fashion." After this, city clerks with predilections for the high collar may consider themselves beaten on their own ground by female barbarians

(Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. E. Grant Richards from "The Heritage of Dress")

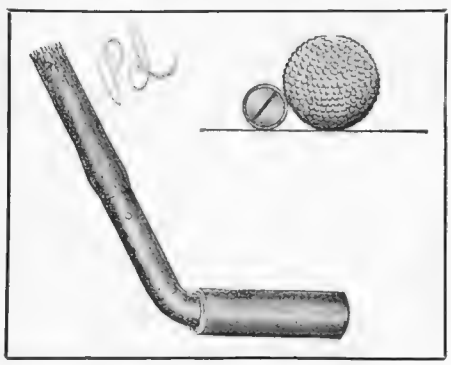
GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Golf in 1908

One more year has added its number to the goodly roll of years that have passed since the original Scotsman, or Fleming, or Dutchman first sent a ball flying from the tee. How stands golf at the beginning of 1908? The unanimous answer can be given at once. All is emphatically very well with golf. The game is in an extremely healthy condition—a condition, indeed, of exuberant vitality. Truth to tell, the much-maligned but delightful rubber-cored ball has brought more and more votaries to the shrine, and I shall be well within the mark if I say that where one played ten years ago there are now five playing. To minister to the needs of this steadily increasing crowd new clubs and courses are being instituted weekly, almost daily. The waiting lists of some of the leading metropolitan clubs have had to be closed, and the cry goes up for more courses.

Clubs and Balls

The past year has worked no revolutionary changes in the implements of the game. Go into any leading firm of golf club and ball manufacturers, and you will see an endless variety of patent clubs and an almost equally numerous array of different species of balls. But you will see no particular club or ball that can honestly be said to mark any radical change in the game. The three leading balls are the Colonel, the Kite, and the Spalding black dot. I am told that the new Kite is a very fine ball, but I am so content with the Colonel that I have not yet tried it.



Something New in Clubs

The roller golf club, invented by Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, for putting, running-up, approaching, and playing through the green. The head of the club is a miniature steel roller, the idea being that at the moment of impact the head revolves and gives an underspin to the ball

Gratitude to the breakers of the shackles that might have fettered the ball trade demands that Messrs. Hutchison and Main's output should be given a good trial. But, however that may be, the rubber-cored ball, though immensely improved in every possible way and much less liable to crack than its predecessors, still, in most of its essentials, remains the same ball as of yore. The ball that will go equally well off wood and iron, and that will not be too lively on the putting green, has yet to be invented. With regard to this latter point of putting, I hope soon to have something to say, for I fancy that I am on the track of an instrument which shall tame the lively ball on the green, and restore us to the position we occupied as putters in the gutty days. But I have not yet been able to give my idea a satisfactory and testing enough trial. Sooth to say, inland putting greens at this time of the year, more especially after the recent deluges of rain, are not in anything approaching to a proper condition for a test of putting.

Some Novelties

So far as clubs go, the most original invention is that of Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey. The head of this club is shaped like a miniature steel roller, the idea being that at the moment of impact the head revolves and gives an underspin to the ball. So far I have not been able to give this club a sufficiently extended trial to warrant very definite conclusions respecting it. But the few players who have tried it seem to think well of it as a putter, but less well of it for approach shots, the difficulty here lying in the regulation of the height of the pitch, so that at one time a high shot is made and at another a low one against the will of the player. However, I shall refer to this club again later on. For the moment, I first note its existence for the benefit of novelty lovers among my readers, and pass on. Martin and Patrick have also brought out a wooden club with a wedge-shaped fibre and leather face let into the driving surface. Here, again, I must plead ignorance of the quality of this device, and can only say that report speaks highly of it. These clubs are known by the title of "Sovereign" drivers, brassies, and spoons.

Regarding Courses

In the matter of the laying out of courses we are still at the cross-roads, so to speak. There is a decided revulsion from the monotonous type of side-hazard courses, which a few years ago were all the rage. So much the better. The value of hazards in the fairway is being once more realised. Perhaps, before this year has sped its course, we shall have approached more nearly to the ideal compromise. Meantime, if for nothing else, 1907 will live in history as the year which gave an additional course to the Open Championship.

"Sidelights on Golf." By Garden G. Smith. (Sisleys)

Those in search of some pleasant light reading on golf cannot do better than invest in the little book just produced by Mr. Garden Smith, the Editor of *Golf Illustrated*. A great deal of wisdom and common-sense is packed into the 154 pages of the book. The style is good and clear, and most of the judgments and critical remarks are sound and to the point. I especially welcome the chapter on "The Home of Golf," where some shrewd blows are dealt at the theory that golf came to Scotland from Holland.

On page 60, Mr. Garden Smith remarks, as illustrating the great difficulty of holing out with the rubber ball: "At the Amateur Championship of 1907 at St. Andrews, we did not see a putt of over a foot conceded by any player." The author cannot have followed any of Mr. John Ball's matches, or he could never have ventured on the above-quoted passage. Mr. Ball is famous for his generosity in the matter of conceding halves, and that generosity was never more evident than this year at St. Andrews.

Mr. Garden Smith must be awarded the palm for the statement which he makes on page 47, to the effect that, one morning, when playing at Gullane, he found seventeen golf balls in a heap of fresh sand, "which 'Bunny' had kicked out" of a rabbit-hole of old standing in a bunker guarding the old sixteenth hole. That rabbit, if he could have been caught, tamed, and trained, would have been a most valuable pet.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

TOBOGGANING

A New Course for Davos

The opening of the new Schatz-Alp run at Davos is an important event in the history of tobogganing. For some time past it has been recognised that the famous Klosters course—mainly owing to the rapidly increasing popularity of bobsleighing—was being subjected to more wear and tear than it was able to stand, and that on this account a "relief" course would be welcome. The relations between the Davos Tobogganing Club and the Company which "runs" the new course are quite friendly, and there is every prospect that tobogganers at Davos will henceforward have the benefit of two excellent courses instead of one, without any threatened danger to the popularity of the one from which they have obtained so much enjoyment in the past. The new course is in every respect an excellent one, and a point in its favour, especially from a bobsleighing point of view, is that, while possessing a sufficient number of curves and turns, it is a real road, like the Klosters road and the Rüti road at Arosa, so that it may even claim to take equal rank with them. The only objection to it is that it has a right-angled turn quite close to the finish, which has obviously been designed for the amusement of spectators who will congregate to watch the spills which must inevitably occur when the turn is approached too rapidly. To make the course perfect from a tobogganer's point of view, the run should be absolutely straight for some distance before the actual finishing point.

International Rugby: The Two Captains

(*On the left*) T. S. Kelly, England
(*On the right*) M. Communeau, France

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Improvement in French Play

Although England beat France by 19 points to nil, which is quite a respectable score as scores go, the prevailing impression—not a very flattering one, by the way, to *nos chers voisins*—is that our side hardly covered themselves with glory in the process. It is true, that on the run of the first twenty minutes' play, it looked as if the game might have been quite an even one all through, had not the French, at the end of that time, lost one of their half-backs; a misfortune which was soon followed by the disablement and temporary retirement of another back, who, though he came on again after half-time, was not the man he was before he went off. Accidents like these, however, are apt to be just as disconcerting to the side which benefits, as they are to the side which loses, by them, particularly in a match of this kind,

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Football in the Snow at Paris: Good play by the French three-quarters in the England v. France Rugby Match last week

The match between England and France—although the latter were beaten by 19 points to nil—conclusively proved that the standard of Rugby Union football in France has immeasurably improved in the last year. In the art of tackling in particular the Frenchmen have made great strides, and they only need to acquire more knowledge of combination to become serious rivals of British teams

Ladies' Hockey at St. Leonards: Sussex v. Kent
Kent about to shoot

where one side is, *ex hypothesi*, the stronger. Another thing that must not be forgotten is that the ground had to be cleared of snow before the match began, and that consequently its condition was not favourable to good combined back play. Too much significance must not, therefore, be attached to the fact that the combined play of the English backs did not come up to expectation. The French backs were mainly individualists — and very fine ones at that—so that the conditions did not affect them to the same extent in attack, while their undeniable speed, coupled with very greatly improved tackling, enabled them to put up an excellent defence. In fact, in defence, the French have come on enormously since last year. A man like Lesieur, capable of bottling such a fine sprinter as Lambert (in addition to very nearly gaining a try on his own) would be an acquisition to most teams.

Can the English Team be Bettered?

I hope, therefore, that the English team will not be judged too hastily. It has been given a run against a side which it was apparently expected to crush and has merely beaten, but, taking the match as a whole, I cannot see that anything has happened which should shake the faith of the Selection Committee in their own ability. The team which they chose for this French match may not have been a great side, but I think it represents the best talent available in England at the present time. It therefore strikes me as bad policy to say that it would stand no chance against Wales, and must, therefore, be reconstituted. The question is, can it be improved by alterations? It cannot be said that any single man in the team was a failure, though one or two were, perhaps, not in their best form; and it is the opinion of several good judges that any British International side, handicapped, as France was, by the loss for a considerable portion of the game of two men, would probably have been as hard put to it to keep our men out as were the Frenchmen. By the time these lines are in print the English fifteen against Wales will probably have been chosen, and I hope to find that few, if any, changes from that which beat France have been deemed necessary.

A fine run by Sussex

The Goalkeepers make good use of a Thermos flask at half-time

LADIES' HOCKEY

Kent in Form

The two county matches recently played by Kent have proved them to be a very clever side when at full strength. Miss Tanner's inclusion in the team at the important position of centre-half has greatly increased the efficiency of the team both in attack and defence, while the two right-wing forwards, Miss Cox and Miss Gibson, combine splendidly together. The match against Sussex, to whom the return of Miss Murray has made a vast difference, ended in a draw, and this was a fitting result, for there was nothing really to choose between the two elevens; but against Surrey—once so formidable—Kent have achieved a remarkable victory by 5 to 1. It is true that Surrey were not at full strength, but so well were Kent playing that it would have taken a very fine team indeed to beat them.

Photos *Dixon*

A Goal to Kent

The result of the match was a draw, the score being four goals each

THE SUSSEX v. KENT MATCH AT ST. LEONARDS

Dogs at Westminster

SOME PRIZEWINNERS AT THE WIMBLEDON SOCIETY'S SHOW

Earl Satin Kid

Belonging to Miss Hawkins, and winner in the Open Dogs Class and of three second prizes

Apsley Prosa

And its owner, Mrs. Claude Paine. This dog was first in Limit, Open, and Members' Classes, and also won the Dobson Challenge Bowl

A Prize Pekinese

Mrs. Pierce Freeman's Orange Boy, winner in the Maiden and Novice Class

Judging the Old English Sheepdogs

There was an excellent number of entries, especially in the Bulldog Class, at the Wimbledon and District Canine Association's Show, held at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, last week, and representatives of some of the best kennels competed. In the Old English Sheepdog Class, the judging of which is illustrated above, the first prize was awarded to Mrs. S. Charter's Champion Shepton Hero

Three Little Japs

A first prize Japanese litter by Tama of St. Omer, the property of Mrs. Lloyd

First Prize Toy Poodle

Miss N. Levy's Glendive White Lady

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

It is a good thing, both for the Royal Automobile Club and the Motor Union, that they have severed their connection with one another. The R.A.C. felt for some time that it had raised a sort of Frankenstein, while the Motor Union, as its ranks swelled and its sphere of usefulness increased, found itself thwarted in many directions. All luck to the Motor Union in its newly acquired freedom, and may it continue to wage war successfully with those who treat men unjustly because they are motorists.

* * *

Some enterprising spirits, it is rumoured, are moving to lay down a motor road from London to Windsor. Details regarding the project are not yet revealed, but if the idea is to lay out a new and entirely separate road from the present highway, the expenditure will be very enormous, and it is difficult to see how sufficient money could be obtained in tolls to pay any interest on the undertaking. For several years past, spasmodic attempts have been made to formulate some scheme of motor roads, a route from London to Brighton being the usual one suggested for a pioneer road.

Car-icature—No. LVI. : Mr. "Danny" Weigel

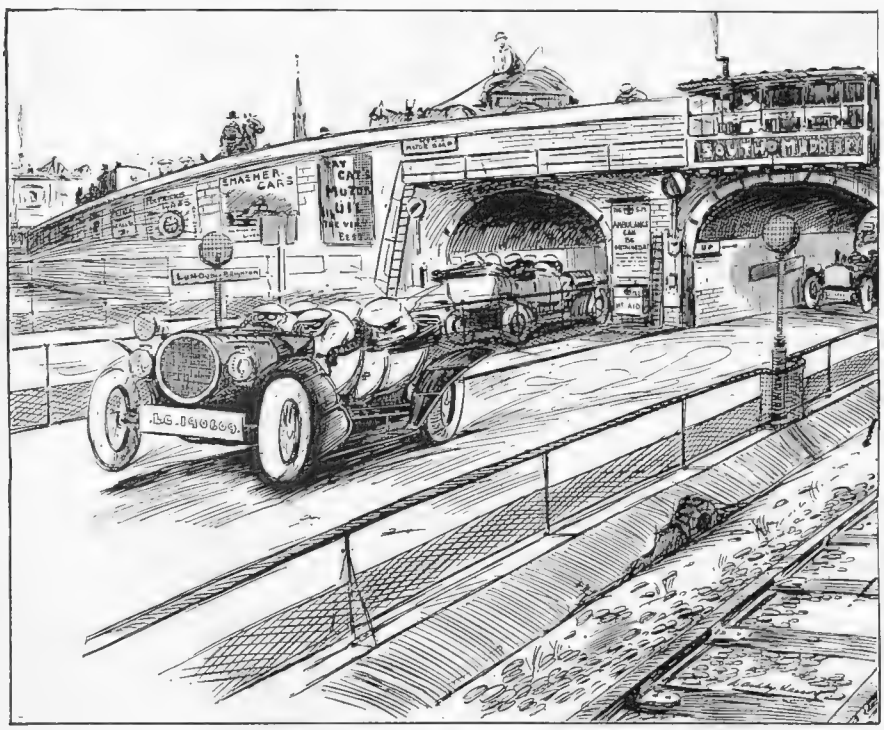
After protracted legal proceedings, the subject of our Car-icature has been let off "a month's hard," the sentence passed on him by inexorable justice for furious driving. He is, of course, one of the best known of racing motorists, and the manufacturer of the Weigel car

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

The amount of capital required to build a dead straight or even slightly deviating motor road anywhere in this country from one given point to another would be so immense that it is not really a commercial possibility. Putting aside the cost of construction, which would have to include bridges and other engineering feats, it would be difficult to acquire compulsory rights over property, and even if obtained, everyone knows how millions vanish at a game of this kind. And how would it ever pay? Tolls have been suggested. But would motorists—in spite of the charge against them that they never look at the scenery—after the first novelty had worn off, be willing to pay heavy tolls to travel along such a road? Commercial vehicles could not afford to patronise such a method of travel, and owners of pleasure vehicles would soon, I believe, button up their pockets, and go by the twisting and police-trapped roads which did not charge so much per mile. No; I can see such a concern very soon getting into the hands of a receiver.

* * *

In France the roads are under one Authority, which is able to allocate funds to such districts as require them. Thus, at the present moment, the French Government are able to lay out seven new motor roads leading out of Paris, and all inter-communicating, so that a motorist will be able to approach Paris from any direction, and get on the motor road on the opposite side of the city without coming into contact with its more congested portions. Roads in France are well-laid and straight, while ours (with one or two exceptions) are but glorified tracks, leading from town to town or from village to village, and which originally took their shape owing to the exigencies and requirements of the local population. These means of



"ANTICIPATIONS"—NOT H. G. WELLS'S
On the Brighton Road in 1918?

By W. Ashby Leeson

'Allenburys' The DIET

A complete milk and farinaceous food, easy of digestion, most agreeable to take, simply and quickly made.

This DIET is recommended for general use in place of ordinary milk foods, gruel, etc., and is particularly adapted to the needs of Dyspeptics, Invalids, and the Aged. Being largely predigested it is easy of assimilation. A cup of the "Allenburys" DIET is useful in the forenoon between meals.

The "Allenburys" DIET may be taken with advantage, on going to bed, in the place of stimulants. Being easily digested it promotes tranquil and refreshing sleep.

For those who cannot readily digest milk the "Allenburys" DIET is a welcome substitute, as it does not cause indigestion and flatulence.

The "Allenburys" DIET is a food for ADULTS, and is quite distinct from the well-known

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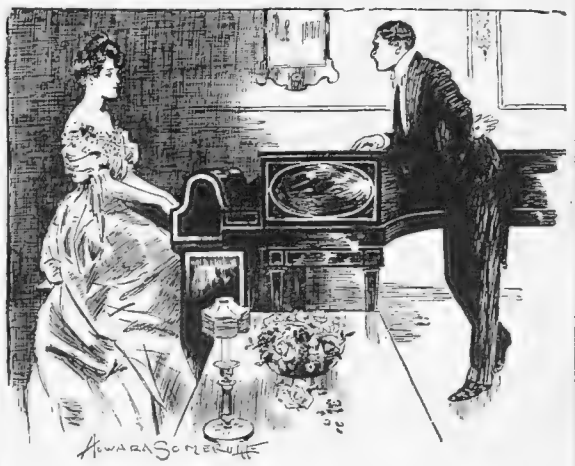

MUSIC for yourself, your family, your friends; music of every country and of every kind: songs, dances, operas, from the greatest classical masterpieces to the latest musical comedy "hit"—all are available to everyone who owns a Pianola.

Most homes possess a piano. It may be played every day, or, what is more likely, be seldom or never used. In any case, the Pianola would make it infinitely more valuable to you.

As a means of home entertainment, the Pianola is unrivalled. The business man after a hard day's work finds in it just the sort of mental diversion he needs. To the hostess with guests to amuse, it is a never-failing aid. To every member of the family it proves a source of the utmost interest and charm.

With the Pianola, it is possible not only to play all kinds of music with perfect technique, but, by means of the Metrostyle, to interpret correctly, and, with the Themodist, to accent the melody notes as a musician does in hand-playing. These valuable devices, the Metrostyle and the Themodist, are to be found only in the Pianola.

The purchase of a Pianola is an easy matter, for payment can be spread over one, two, or three years.

By deciding on the purchase of a Pianola now, you will add greatly to the pleasures of your home during 1908, and many years to come.

For further particulars, write for Catalogue "B."

The Orchestrelle Co.

ÆOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Remarkable Accident at Brooklands: The wrecked car after completing its meteoric course

A remarkable accident occurred on the Brooklands Track last week, when Mr. C. H. Tryon, on a 60 h.-p. Napier car, was trying to beat the 50 miles, 100 miles, 1 hour and 2 hours records. While travelling at a tremendous speed a back tyre burst, whereupon the car turned completely round three times, slid down the bank and took a flying leap across the road, and ended by carrying down some railings and burying itself in a heap of sand. Mr. Tryon was thrown into the roadway, but luckily escaped serious injury. Note the accusing notice beside the wrecked car!

communication between neighbouring villages gradually became roads, but have retained their winding and eccentric forms to the present day. *Nous allons changer tout cela.*

* * *

Motor roads will come about in this wise. One halcyon day we shall have a Highway Traffic and Roads Authority. Commercial vehicles, pleasure and semi-pleasure motor carriages will exist in such great and growing numbers that even Red Tape Government Offices will recognise the importance of adapting the roads to their requirements. The funds received from licences and other motor taxes will be invested in the hands of the Authority, and then gradually, not only the surface of the roads will be improved, but when and where necessary new roads will be built in place of the old. Property owners will be compensated as when, say, a road which needlessly traverses two sides of an equilateral triangle is deviated so that it cuts right across. Distances will then be shortened considerably, and thousands of dangerous twists and turns which now exist to the peril of motorist and pedestrian alike will vanish once and for all into the limbo of the forgotten past.

* * *

The Brooklands Club have decided to hold three principal two-day meetings for the racing season of 1908, viz.:—

The Easter Meeting, on April 18 and 20.
The Whitsun Meeting, on June 6 and 8.
The August Meeting, on August 1 and 3.

The remaining meetings will be one-day meetings, and will take place on May 9, July 4, September 12, and October 3. In addition, there will be meetings arranged by the Royal Automobile Club and other affiliated clubs on the Brooklands Motor Course.

It is the intention of the Club that, during 1908, the Standard Class Races, inaugurated on September 14 last, shall be continued. Each of these (the 26 h.-p., 40 h.-p., 60 h.-p., and 90 h.-p. respectively) will be divided into short and long races, and at every meeting the four standard class races will be run, three of them over a short distance, and the fourth over a long distance, the intention being that cars built for these standard sizes should not only be good sprinters, but should be able to maintain their pace for some time.

* * *

Car-icature—No. LVI.: Mr. "Danny" Weigel

Mr. "Danny" Weigel, the subject of our Car-icature, began the New Year in a happier frame of mind than that with which he finished the old year. After protracted legal proceedings, and piteous appeals for mercy, "Danny" has been let off "a month's hard," which inexorable justice had, some time back in the Christian era, sentenced him to undergo for furious driving. He is deprived of his driving licence till 1909, and has to pay the costs of the proceedings, which amount to quite a respectable figure. Here's to you, "Danny," and Weigel motors for the present year of grace. And may the 366 days soon pass!

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

We have received a charmingly got up catalogue from the Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Co. of their Siddeley Autocars. It contains some very fine colour pictures, which are really quite worth framing. The catalogue deals with matters of interest to all possessors of Siddeley cars, and may be obtained on application to the Company at their premises in York Street, Westminster.

Motor Schools, Ltd., of Heddon Street, have been specially appointed by the Royal Automobile Club as a motor school. Mr. Turberville Smith, the manager, is doing very good work in training future motorists, and anyone who contemplates having a motor and does not understand it thoroughly, will find the guinea charged for a series of lessons a very good investment.

EXCHANGES ARRANGED. Any new car supplied at current prices, with a full allowance for your old car.—CORRY HURFORD, Ltd., 171, Great Portland Street, W. Telephone: 379 Mayfair. Telegrams: "Hurfordus, London."

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depends upon TYRE, PETROL, — and OIL CONSUMPTION. —

We have recently had some very instructive experiments carried out by several well-known private owners of SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER CARS, the RESULTS of which go a long way towards

Solving the Problem of Upkeep.

THIS INFORMATION IS OF THE UTMOST VALUE TO ALL MOTORISTS.

We shall be pleased to send full particulars free of charge as to the actual cost per annum of running a motor carriage. For interesting particulars please write to—

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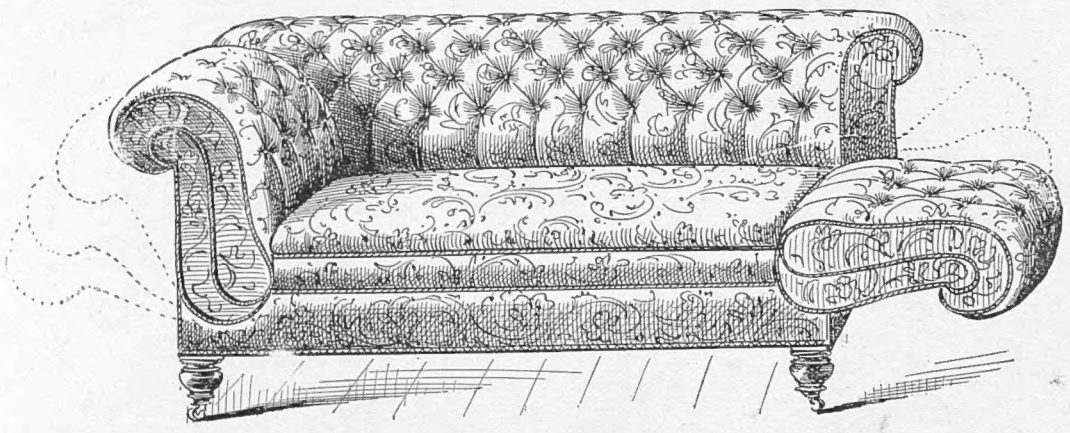

A very comfortable Chesterfield Sofa, 6 ft. long, with adjustable ends, in Tapestry, £7 15s.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By MRS. JACK MAY

The air is rent with sale shrieks on the one hand, and children's merry laughter on the other. Those who possess the necessary wherewithal are busy all day laying up stores for themselves at the clearances that prevail on all sides, their evenings being spent at pantomimes or party entertainments ostensibly organised entirely for younger members of the fraternity, whereas their elders, more often than not, contrive to obtain the major half of the fun.

Witness the great Christmas tree at the Carlton. For one child there were at least three grown-ups, and one realised the superfluous majority to the full when a sprinkling of little ones essayed to dance on a limited space of slippery floor, hemmed in by a wall of adults standing six and eight deep. At the same time, the affair was voted an unqualified success, and parties are already being made up for a revival of this fine piece of enterprise next year. As an insatiable child lover, I should just like to observe, ere closing the subject, that in my very humble opinion the modern child is an immense advance in appearance on her mother and grandmother. It is the exception to see a child strikingly plain between the ages of two years and ten, and the majority of carefully nurtured children are nowadays wonderfully well developed.

A Choice Chinchilla Bolero and Velvet Gown

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

A Red Butterfly

Apropos of all of this, let me introduce to your notice an original fancy-dress design for a girlie of some eight years, in the Red Butterfly. This dress is entirely created of red chiffon, *appliqué* with black and gold spots, the wing part fixed on to the child's bare arm, while the body part and antennæ are worked out in dark brown and gold.

Kate Newton, 155, Great Portland Street

Those whose business has led them down the lower end of Great Portland Street cannot fail to have observed certain extensive building operations adjacent to Kate Newton's. For, verily, once again has this unique establishment outgrown its premises, and proposes to add, some time during the next few months, an appreciable annex. Meanwhile, there has to be dealt with an overwhelming stock, a quantity of which will be in serious jeopardy during the process of breaking an entrance into the present existing establishment. So, by way of making the best of the situation, Kate Newton proposes to work a reduction-in-price scheme throughout, a procedure that will touch the very limit of enterprise in a collection of garments that will be gathered together in one of the many *salons*, and for which no reasonable offer will be refused.

There will be tea-jackets from 5*s.* to 10*s.*, and dressing-gowns for a trifle more, tailor-mades at unheard of sums; in fact, everything at what may be termed in trade jargon, give-away prices. In the case of the general stock, a broad reduction will be made of from 4*s.* to 7*s.* in the £1, and a privilege always to be enjoyed at Kate Newton's is a courteous permission to take a full survey of the treasures without ever being importuned to buy. Moreover, during this sale, *extraordinaire* alterations will be made free of charge. There are, among other bargains, a lot of dainty evening frocks, silk on silk, for two and a half guineas; fur stoles of broadtail, mole, etc., for one guinea.

In connection with fur, our artist has sketched a very choice specimen of chinchilla in the guise of a bolero, a model of the great Revillons. The fronts are shown thrown open, but, as may be gathered from the picture, when these generous pieces are closed, the double-breasted effect is complete. And this coatee accompanies a velvet gown of Bordeaux red, with beautiful embroideries on the bodice, a creation of the redoubtable Beer, than whom none knows better how to present distinction through the medium

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Pomeroy Skin Food is the product of our many years of expert treatment of the skin. It cleanses the pores, stimulates the glands, feeds the cuticle, and protects the skin from rashes, roughness, pimples, lines, looseness, tan, and other common blemishes. It is the one skin food which does not encourage superfluous hair-growth, but which does maintain the fine soft colouring of the skin during the trying winter weather. Don't fail to fill in and send this coupon for Free Sample, to-day, to

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29, Old Bond St., London, W.

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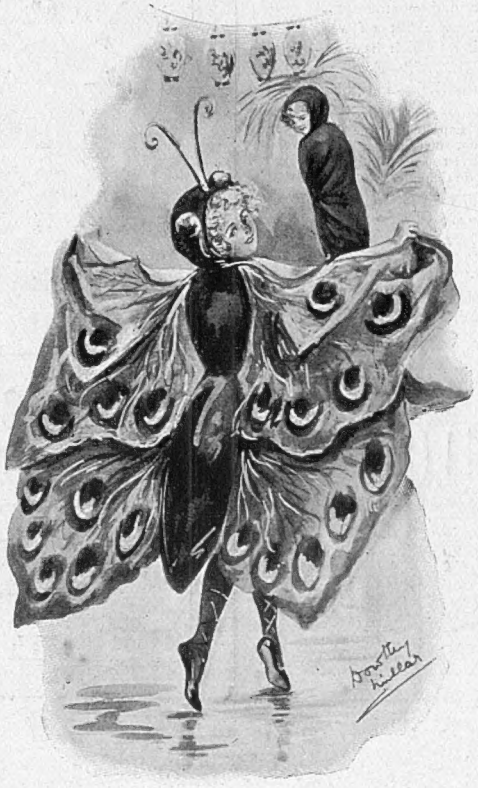
71 W.

of *ligne*. The prices of both the gown and coatee at Kate Newton's are immense reductions.

Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

The finger of popular appreciation is very directly pointed during the first three weeks of the New Year at this sound and satisfactory establishment of long standing. "After Seventy Years" is the title appended to the small sale catalogue issued by the firm.

Besides some wonderful sacrifices in the silk department, the surplus stock of mantles, coats, and capes are being subjected to very special reductions, and the dictum is generally accepted that the choice in this department is unsurpassed alike in quality and style. Nor is there a more propitious moment wherein to lay up a stock of the little things of dress that run away with such an unconscionable amount of money at ordinary times. All the daintiest and latest thoughts in neckwear, scarves, belts, and ribbons are very appreciably marked down, beautiful wide moiré ribbons starting at 1*s*., tucked lace collar-bands falling to a like sum. There is a covetable knitted motor-scarf at 2*s*. 11½*d*.; and the season's novelty, a pure silk chenille stole in every mentionable colour, has been reduced from 25*s*. 6*d*. to 19*s*. 6*d*. A most excellent sale, forsooth, and one in no way to be lightly disregarded.



A Charming Fancy Dress for a Little Girl of Eight

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

The London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street

Already pursuing its usual successful course is the annual clearance sale here, innumerable bargains prevailing in the renowned "La Samothrace" corsets, which are now built exceptionally long over the hips for the better display of the fashionable clinging skirt. These models are absolutely *le dernier cri*, and having served as samples and models, are marked down at appreciable reductions to effect a clearance. The Company do not relax their rule during the sale of sending corsets on approval, satisfactory references being forthcoming.

Some exceptionally tempting prices also obtain in real Cluny lace blouses, and seductive French models of lawn, linen, and muslin, hand embroidered. Special prices also reign in the case of some hand-embroidered veilings — the very thing of the moment, and really most extraordinary value at 10*s*. 6*d*.

Kosminski, 5, Berners Street

Several causes have contributed towards an unusually energetic sale temperament with the great peltry house of Kosminski. Boasting among their clientele the pick of the moneyed community, the general financial depression has left this firm a rather larger surplus stock than has been the case for some years, and as a firm taking much pride unto themselves for individuality of expression, models that have been shown have lost favour in the sight of their creators, and are consequently reduced to an appreciable extent. It may be difficult of credence, but stoles in the lesser-priced peltry, such as squirrel and mole, start at 12*s*. 6*d*., although what really needs to be sought at a sale of this calibre is the better stuff, such as would, at ordinary times, be prohibitive to the moderate purse. Of course, it is well known that Russian sables are a speciality with Kosminski, who, as buyers of the skins direct and actual manufacturers, are able to dispense with several intermediary profits.

A "Shining" New Year

Bootblacks waiting outside Day and Martin's blacking factory in the Borough Road on New Year's Day for their half-yearly bonus of 5*s*. and a new set of brushes

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*